

# PD GAZETTE

## WINTER 2018



*Feline*, by Matt Pierard (2017)

## DEMOCRACY AND REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT

From: The Project Gutenberg eBook, *The Future of the Women's Movement*, by Helena M. (Maria) Swanwick

“Did you, too, O friend, suppose Democracy was only for elections, for politics, or for a party name? I say Democracy is only of use there that it may pass on and come to its flower and fruits in manners, in the highest forms of interaction between men and their beliefs—in Religion, Literature, Colleges and Schools—Democracy in all public and private life.” —WALT WHITMAN, *Democratic Vistas*.

Reference has been made to the half-heartedness of the school of physical force. While asserting loudly that physical force rules and always will rule the world, these people become very indignant if they are accused of immorality, or even of unmorality. Few have the moral courage to declare themselves unmoral, and the physical force apologists for the domination of man over woman always proceed to argue that this domination is not merely a “regrettable fact,” but is all for the best. They argue that men as well as women possess a moral nature (which is undeniable), and that they will direct their physical force in accordance with their moral nature, which is, in public affairs, superior to that of women. I have already touched upon the lack of foundation for this assertion of superiority. There is too little ascertained fact and far too much speculation and assertion on this point. Mr. Frederic

Harrison (whose connection with Positivism has done little to modify his profoundly unscientific temperament) has published some essays on the women's movement, in which he picks out certain ugly characteristics common to humanity and attributes them to women only. He professes such a respect for women, such admiration for their moral, spiritual and even intellectual qualities, that one really wonders how it comes that he thinks it necessary to scold them so much. He sees them acting in politics with "that spite and untruthfulness which is too often the failing of some good women," showing "a rancour, an injustice towards persons, a bitterness of temper, which cause them to fling away common sense, fairness, truth and even decency." Dear, dear! How bad these good women are, and who would have supposed that this passage was written by a philosopher who holds that women are, "as a sex," morally superior to men? One would have supposed that to have accused good women of lying, spite, folly, injustice, rancour and indecency was not to leave much over to hurl at the bad ones. But he proceeds to say that it is woman's very possession of higher qualities which makes her political judgments "untrustworthy and unstable." One seems to have heard something very like this in the course of the Dreyfus case, when it became a reproach to be "intellectual." But if these are the characteristics of women, according to Mr. Harrison, we may smile to see how he gives himself away, unintentionally, when he comes to those of men. He has just been alluding to the "fair, impartial temper" with which men "habitually weigh all sides of a question," and declaring that "all political questions and all parliamentary elections really turn, or ought to turn, on nicely balanced judgments"; yet when he comes to anticipate what would be the effect of women's enfranchisement upon the judicial mind, the fair impartial temper of men, he declares that it would weaken men's respect for women's opinion and even their respect for women: "*The women's vote would always be actually or possibly on the wrong side.*" (Italics mine.) The conversation of the wolf with the lamb in La Fontaine's fable is an admirable expression of this state of mind, but to call it "fair and impartial" throws a queer light on Mr. Harrison's own particular quality of male mind. He alludes pathetically to the sufferings men have endured at the hands of women when men have felt it their duty to oppose something women desired. It is a pity when rancour and spite manifest themselves, but have women never suffered at the hands of men? How about the witch trials? Did men make the path of Joan of Arc, of Josephine Butler, of Doctor Jex-Blake, even of Florence Nightingale a path of roses? Are not suffragists even now having all sorts of preposterous views and disastrous vices attributed to them? And is there one of us that has not been pelted with mud and refuse from the hands of a man (save the mark)? One murmurs "Marconi," one glances at the Balkans, and wonders if women could really improve on the language that has been used by men of each other in political controversy.

We have had enough of this irrelevant talk about the inferiority of women. Do we replace it by equally foolish assertions of the inferiority

of men? Not a bit of it. We base the women's demand for a share in government on precisely the same grounds as those on which men have based their demands. The difficulties we all find in acting for others are, broadly speaking, of two kinds. There is the difficulty of understanding the lives of others as completely as we understand our own, and there is the fact that our own affairs have a motive force which the affairs of others have not. Only people desperately driven to excuse themselves could pretend that men, any more than women, are unaffected by these difficulties, and Professor Dicey, whose unsentimental mind revolts from cant, has frankly admitted as much. "Under a representative government," he writes,[3] "any considerable body of persons who are not represented in Parliament is exposed, at best, to neglect. In a country such as England the views of the unrepresented are overlooked far less through selfishness than through the stupidity or preoccupation of the voters and their representatives.... Nor can any impartial critic maintain that, even at the present day, the desires of women, about matters in which they are vitally concerned, obtain from Parliament all the attention they deserve.... Despotism is none the less trying because it may be dictated by philanthropy, and the benevolence of workmen which protects women from overwork is not quite above suspicion when it coincides with the desire of artisans to protect themselves from female competition." No suffragist could put the argument better than this candid anti-suffragist.

How is it possible for a man to assert that he knows what a woman feels and wants as well as she herself? He would have to be more than man! Even women, who spend their lives in studying men, do not make the claim that they can feel a man's passions as he can; and, in another mood, the man who claims to be the arbiter of a woman's life will rail at her incomprehensible and fickle nature. "But women have tongues and know only too well how to use them! We may consult with women and be advised by them," say the reactionaries. "Yes. And also you may not," is the reply. Professor Dicey makes much of the distinction between civil, as distinct from political, rights. He speaks of reconciling his "enthusiasm for everything which promotes the personal freedom and education of women with the strenuous denial to them of any share in sovereign power." But the male electorate is not all so enlightened as Professor Dicey, and civil rights depend upon political rights. Men less intelligent, less sympathetic than Professor Dicey are absorbed in their own affairs, and women have had to fight and are still having to fight for every miserable concession in personal freedom and education (and in such fights Professor Dicey has often been on the women's side), and they have no security that they will be allowed to hold what they have won. Successive Local Government Acts have shown plainly how men will almost unconsciously sweep away the rights of women when their minds are concentrated on some reform for which men care. The Married Women's Property and the Custody of Children Acts repealed cruel and unjust disabilities which had been imposed by men upon women. Are we to suppose that all injustices are of the past, and that from henceforth for

evermore men will feel like women?

Besides the difference in relative values which men and women place upon things, and the vast gulf that there is between actually experiencing and only listening to an experience, there is the fact that even when people know what is right, they do not always do it without some external pressure, whether of public opinion, legal rights or political power. In truth, the reactionaries are too thin-skinned when they wail about the sex-antagonism of women who frankly declare this weakness in men. If we asserted it of men only they would have some right to complain. But we do not. The very existence of customs and laws and governments proves that men believe humanity needs these motives in addition to moral ones, and, unless you are an anarchist, you must agree that they do. When men get altogether away from women they forget women. It is natural. Therefore women, who suffer from being forgotten when their lives are at stake, require that men shall not in future be able to get altogether away from them when they are employed in governing them, as they do now in Parliament. Mr. Harrison gives us an interesting and touching little bit of information when he says, "To speak the truth, I only know one woman whom I would always trust to come to a right decision"; but this fact has really no general interest or value, and even if women did not, on the whole, represent the views of Mr. Harrison, this would not prevent them from representing their own, which is what matters in representative government. Mr. Harrison becomes appealing when he says, "Now I say frankly that I do not trust the average woman to decide these complex issues"; because that is just how we feel! We do not trust the average man to decide these complex issues. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind, and perhaps when Mr. Harrison has grasped this feeling of ours, he will see that the proper thing is for neither man nor woman to attempt to decide these complex issues alone.

We have only to consider the very different lives women lead, leaving out of account the debatable differences in nature, to see how impossible it is for a man to look on life with a woman's eyes. To begin with, as long as he insists on being absolute master, there is the unbridgeable gulf between those who command and those who obey, and the tendency of this "division of labour" (as the reactionaries humorously call it) to result in making men conceive it is theirs to think and act and woman's to feel. "Men must work and women must weep" is perhaps the most fatuous expression in all literature of this attitude. Men are rich and women are poor. Men are employers and women are employed. Wage-earning men think mainly of wages, women are more concerned with prices. Men enjoy fighting for its own sake, women only suffer from fighting. Men's part in parentage involves only the satisfaction of passion and appetite; women's part may involve these, but it also involves much suffering and long care. It follows from the apportionment of men's and women's work and interests that in the main men will be more concerned for property and women more concerned for the person, and our laws and administration

amply bear this out. It follows also that men will spend money upon the things they care most about, and starve the things they care less about. We see millions lavished on war and destruction, on monuments of stone and iron, on pomp and circumstance: we see health wasted, human creatures neglected, education slighted. The titles and the honours go to those who make money and take life. "Things are in the saddle," says Emerson, "and ride mankind."

Those who defend the male franchise declare confidently that in England "the family is the unit," and that the voter casts his vote after a balanced judgment of the interests of the family as a whole. This is, of course, entirely without foundation. The vote is not given to the family when the head of the family happens to be a woman; the vote is not refused to a man when he has no family; several votes are given to one man, although legally he cannot have several families. So that, even if, for the sake of argument, we allow that husband and wife are one, and that one is the husband, we still have a very large number of votes which represent men only, and those men bachelors. The evils of this in such a country as England are patent; in such a country as South Africa they are greater still. There the bachelor vote is unstable and indifferent to the permanent interests of the people, for the adventurous bachelor comes for what he can find, to make money, not a home; to take his pleasure where he can find it, among the women of an alien race, and leave in his track the degradation of sexual ethics, the embitterment of racial hatred, the burden of a fatherless race of half-breeds. All these ills fall upon the voteless women of South Africa, and are felt in their rebound by the English women at home.

The possession, by the people, of the parliamentary vote does not make a democracy. Many other things are necessary for that. But the vote is a piece of the machinery of democracy without which it cannot work, and it is lamentable to hear men who call themselves Liberals, and who use all the old catchwords of the democratic party, refusing to apply their Liberalism to women and bringing against the enfranchisement of women all the ragged old arguments which used to be brought against men's enfranchisement and which are ragged from the shot wherewith the old reformers riddled them. "Men know better than women what is good for women!" Yes, and the slave-owner knew what was good for his slaves; and the employer knew what was good for his employees; and the landlord knew what was good for his tenants! But the slave and the employee and the tenant did not think so then, and no one dares say so now. The women's day is coming too, and the people of the future will deride those Liberals of the early twentieth century who talked of the Will of the People and forgot the mothers; who boasted of their intention to enfranchise every person "of full age and competent understanding" and left out half the people; who declared that "citizenship" should be the basis of voting rights and denied these rights to all women, thereby admitting (what the women had been rebuked for asserting) that Britons,

when they happened to be female Britons, were slaves. No external defeats could have so sapped the prestige of the political Liberal party as the fact that it failed altogether, as a party, to recognise the force and the progressive idealism of the women's movement. There is now in England no movement that can compare in vigour, intelligence and devotion with the women's movement. When the Liberal party acknowledges this and identifies itself with the movement, it will once more step into the line of progress; until then it is true to say that the progressive women and the Labour party which supports them are the only democrats. Moreover, the penalty of supporting reaction in one direction is that the logic of events drives men into the logic of thought. Many a Liberal who hoped he could restrict his illiberalism to women, is finding himself forced into general principles of reaction which will sooner or later—horrible to contemplate!—overwhelm men too.

On the other hand, the effect upon women of the agitation for the vote has been enlarging beyond even the most sanguine expectations. I myself have seen women of the middle class, who began by desiring the vote from a personal and quite legitimate sense of their own worth and claims, led, from a sense of justice, to entertain the claims of other less fortunate women, and by degrees find their desire redoubled on behalf of these women, whose needs, experience and sympathy gradually demonstrated as far exceeding their own. No less remarkable is the enlargement of the lives of these less fortunate women, by the growth of sympathy and understanding between the different classes and by the linking up of public and private duties and aims. "Since she's been a suffragist," I have heard a man say, "my wife has seemed to take more interest in the home. It hasn't taken her thoughts off; it has only made her think more." And I have heard a middle-aged woman use the pathetic phrase, "Since I began to think," meaning, "Since I joined the suffrage movement."

Is it all unmixed good, then? Is the women's movement singular in this, that it is perfect? Will women make no mistakes? By no means. Who could be so foolish as to think so? But by mistakes we learn. If you wish to learn a new language you must blunder in it first. One of the reasons of women's slow development is that men are so afraid women will make fools of themselves. We all have a divine right to make fools of ourselves, because the force that created us decreed that only so could we learn, and the convention by which a woman is never allowed to be a fool all to herself, as an individual, but is made to sin for her whole sex, is an anti-progressive convention which must go. A woman fires a building and we are told "Woman" has disgraced herself, "She" is unfit for the vote. But men sack empires and burn cities to the ground and no one says "Man" has disgraced himself, "He" is unfit for the vote.

I think I hear the horror-stricken Anti declare, "A right to make a fool of yourself? But it is our Empire that you are asking for,—to play with! Our Empire which we made ourselves and which is so complex, so

delicate, so nicely poised, that one push from a foolish woman's little finger will send it reeling to destruction." The Anti wants to make our flesh creep; but it refuses. We don't for a moment admit that the Empire, with its millions of men and women, belongs to men any more than it belongs to women. We can't believe, either, that the Empire is in so shockingly delicate a condition as the Antis make out. The cry is for safety. Only Death is safe.

"Permanence hangs by the grave;  
Sits by the grave green-grassed,  
On the roll of the heaved grave-mound."

Life is never safe, yet the happy warrior prefers life. The Empire was certainly not made by people who chattered of safety and permanence, nor will it be kept by such people.

The direction in which reactionaries anticipate most trouble is one where I believe it would be last to show itself. It is in foreign affairs, in the relations with other countries, in the issues of peace and war that they see most danger, if women shared responsibility with men. I do not believe it, because for one thing these matters are exceedingly remote from the electorate, and in the vague way in which popular sentiment makes itself felt it is highly improbable that women's sentiment would on any particular issue differ from men's. It is difficult to conceive of Englishwomen loving Germans while Englishmen were burning to cut their throats. What is possible is that women may gradually help men to see what very bad business war is, simply because it is obviously and always such bad business for women, and while undoubtedly some men trade in war, no women do. The idea is freely expressed that men would resent women having power to control the forces of the army and navy, when women cannot themselves serve in the army and navy. It does not seem clear why they should, for they do not seem to resent women helping to control the police force, although women do not serve in the police. In this latter case the matter comes much more closely home to everyday life and yet we have no trouble. Sometimes the difficulty is put in another way. We in England, it is asserted, may be willing that women should share in the control of their own lives, but if we allow this, we shall lose the respect of more "virile" countries. But the "feminisation" of politics (to use their phrase) will not give the country one man less, nor will it make one man weaker or less virile. If really the respect of other countries depends upon the amount of our physical force, that force will still be there, undiminished, and in course of time, as we fervently believe, through better and humaner conditions, will be greatly increased. We do not find the Scandinavian races nor our Australian cousins to be particularly womanish, yet Norway and Australia have given all their women the vote.

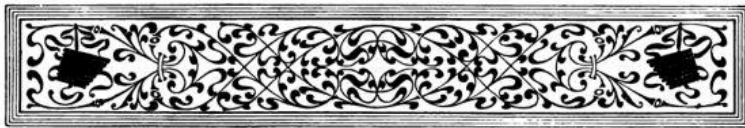
My theme hitherto has been that the domination of physical force has

been the cause of the subjection of women, and that it is contrary to progress and civilisation that physical force should dominate moral and intellectual force. But, of course, physical force has never been entirely dominant, otherwise the mind of man never would have emerged from the mind of the beast. All progress is due to the growth of mind controlling physical forces, and the anti-suffragists who assert that the vote has been and is merely the counter which represents the physical force of the voters, and that no one would dream of obeying a law if he once suspected that it were not made by those who possessed the preponderance of physical force, are making an assertion which not only reflects quite undeservedly on the intelligence of men, but which is patently contrary to facts. Things may be bad; they might be much better; but physical force, in this crude sense, never has entirely ruled the world since prehistoric times. The idea at the back of the anti-suffragist contention is, as far as one can make it out, that you cannot compel a man to do a thing \_against his will\_, if he feels that he has the strength to resist. We must admit that. But there are many ways of moving the will besides the crude way of physical force; there are various kinds of compulsion and various forms of resistance. The Antis at one moment declare the intellectual superiority of men over women, and the next moment involve themselves in a line of argument which presupposes man's entire deafness to reason. Man is, however, gradually discovering that he may get more out of his fellow-man (and \_à fortiori\_ out of his fellow-woman) by agreement than by compulsion, and the resistance offered by out-and-out striking is only an extreme case of the moral law of diminishing returns upon increased compulsion. It has been found that slave-labour is the least productive labour; it is slowly getting to be believed that overwork means under-production. The degree of physical force used by men against women has not been sufficient at any period to destroy women, but it has crippled them; it has resulted in not getting the best out of them. Though stupid men and blackguards have not understood this, the better sort always have, and the great mass of men have never even dreamed of applying their force to its utmost against women. It is quite true that Government rests on physical force in the sense that Governments dispose of physical force; but those who form the Government are not chosen for their personal possession of physical force, nor even with any thought that they represent the physical force of the community. In a country with representative institutions the Government is supposed to represent the \_opinions\_ and \_interests\_ (not the physical force) of the majority of the electors. Before the modern extensions of the franchise, the country was actually ruled by the votes of men who were few relatively to the whole population, and, therefore, by no means represented the physical force of the community, and before the days of parliamentary government a small oligarchy or even an autocracy ruled. Democratic government has, in fact, come to birth and steadily grown with the steady decline of the rule of physical force. And it will be seen that this must be so, when once we have grasped the fact that the unmoral use of physical force may here and there profit an



individual but is always bad business for the community.

If we abandon the visions of the Antis, we shall see that, as a matter of prosaic fact, the vote in England is given to a man not as a reward of virtue (as the assertion, "woman has disgraced herself," would seem to imply), nor as a prize for intellectual ability (as those who speak slightly of women's intellect would suggest), nor as the guerdon of physical prowess (as the physical force party declare), nor does it depend upon his being a husband and father. An Englishman who has, by debauchery, ruined body, mind and spirit, and who has neither wife nor child, may yet have the necessary qualifications to vote, for these are a confused and illogical jumble of accretions, but, such as they are, they depend on the possession of property. It is proposed by Liberals to abolish these and to enfranchise a man in virtue of his manhood. Once you see the immorality, the waste and the stupidity of the physical force argument, there is no possible ground for refusing to enfranchise a woman in virtue of her womanhood.



## NURSERY GARDENS— DWARF TREES AND HACHI-NIWA

Project Gutenberg's *The flowers and gardens of Japan*, by Florence Du Cane

A nursery garden in Japan may be called a revelation in the art of pruning. A singular idea exists in the minds of many people, that all the trees in Japan are like the dwarf specimens they have occasionally seen in England on a nurseryman's stand at a flower-show, and frequently they display surprise, not unmixed with incredulity, when assured that such is not the case. I would recommend those unbelievers to take a walk in the cryptomeria avenues at Nikko, among the camphor groves of Atami, or to wander through the pine-woods which clothe the hillsides above Kyoto, when they would see for themselves the magnificence of the trees, untouched by the pruning knife of the gardener. The Japanese bestow as much time and care on the trees in their gardens as the Western gardener would give to his choicest flowers. The gardener's ideal tree is not the ordinary tree of the forest, but the abnormal specimen which age and weather have twisted and bent into quaint and unusual shapes. Here, in the nursery garden, we shall find specimen trees; old trees it is true, but trees giving proof that art has had to improve upon nature, as scarcely a single tree in the whole collection--waiting, possibly, to transform the new garden of a \_nouveau riche\_ into an ancestral home--will have been allowed to follow its own inclination of growth and shape.

The pine-tree is generally chosen as the subject for the operating knife, and is cut and trained into all manner of shapes; an umbrella made of a single tree of *Pinus densiflora* trained on a framework of light bamboo, or a junk of perfect form, the reward of years of patience, will be waiting until it is required to be the chief feature in a landscape garden. The curiously twisted appearance characteristic of a Japanese pine-tree, in gardens and temple grounds, is achieved by a clever system of pruning, and gives the trees a stunted and venerable appearance, which they would otherwise not attain for years. The leading shoot of each branch and most of the side ones are removed, giving the branch a new direction, sometimes at right angles to the previous year's growth. This operation is repeated every year, and the branches thinned out, so that every line of the stems can be followed. Another favourite and very effective way of training a pine, is to carry a long branch out over a stream or pond, and by skilful training and cutting to give it the direction that, after a few years' growth, will have become natural to it, and the whole strength of the tree will seem concentrated in that one branch. These trees should be placed by the water's edge or on the slope of a hill, and are often planted leaning at all manner of angles. The gardener is never sparing in his use of stout bamboo props, which to our Western ideas would appear unsightly.

It is not in these trees, interesting as they always are, that the admiration of the visitor to a Japanese nursery garden will be centred; for how few foreigners remain long enough in the country, or take sufficient interest in their temporary home, to construct a new garden round it; yet how easy it seems to accomplish, when old gnarled trees are ready grown. It would appear as though a few hours' planning and plotting, a few stones and trees, a few days' work for a few coolies, are all that is required, and the thing would be done; but remember success depends upon the plan, one false touch would set the whole conception ajar, so woe betide the foreigner if he were to attempt to interfere with the making of his garden; left to himself a Japanese is never guilty of that one false touch.

Arranged in rows on wooden platforms will be the object of our visit to the nursery garden--the dwarf trees--whose fame has spread throughout the world, and who seem to share with the cherry blossom the floral fame of Japan. When first I visited the country I went prepared to be disappointed with the dwarf trees; I had seen inferior specimens shipped to Europe no doubt because of their inferiority, pining away a lingering life in a climate unsuited to them, deprived of all care and attention; for an idea prevailed in England when they were first imported, that these tiny trees, the result of years of patient training, required no water, and either no fresh air or else were equally indifferent to the fiery rays of the summer suns or the icy

blasts of the winter winds. A visit to a garden in their native country will soon reveal that such is not the case. The trees are not coddled, it is true, but the proper allowance of water, especially in their growing season, is most important, and they are impatient of a draught; though many seem to stand the full rays of the sun, the best specimens had generally some light canvas or bamboo blinds, arranged so that they could be drawn over the stands during the hottest hours of the scorching summer days. I have heard these trees described as tortured trees; to me, good specimens never gave that impression, their charm took possession of me, and a grand old pine or juniper whose gnarled and twisted trunk suggested a giant of the forest, and yet was under three feet in height, standing in a soft-coloured porcelain bowl, gave me infinite pleasure. I could see no fault in them, they are completely satisfying and give a strange feeling of repose.

Their variety is infinite, from six inches in height to as many feet; pines, junipers, thujas, maples, larch, willows, and, among the flowering trees, pink and white plum, single and double cherries, tiny peach-trees, smothered by their blossoms, pyrus trained in fantastic shapes, all will be there in bewildering choice of beauty. I have heard of a single treasure, a weeping willow, only six inches in height, the reward of years of patience, for which the price of 7000 yen (£700) was paid; probably to our eyes it would have had no more value than a humble "dwarf" which, in consequence of some slight imperfection, would not fetch more than \_sevenpence\_. In a perfect specimen not only each branch, but each twig and each leaf, must conform absolutely in direction and proportion to the same unbending laws which govern this art, as well as its sister arts of landscape gardening and flower arrangement--laws which a writer says were "the iron rules laid down by the canons of taste in the days when Iyeyasu Tokugawa paralysed into an adamantine immobility the whole artistic and intellectual life of the country." So in every garden there will be failures as perfect works of art, but beautiful in our eyes, which fail to see any difference between the perfect specimen with its boughs bent down by the weight of the laws which have trained it and priced it at some hundred yen, or the "failure" by its side, beautiful and wonderful, with all its imperfections an exquisite and dainty thing, priced at as many pence.

Perhaps one of the best opportunities for buying these imperfect trees, which are still admired and readily bought by the Japanese themselves, though not to be treasured as works of art, is at the sales which take place at night in the streets of Kyoto on certain days of the month. The plants are arranged on stalls down each side of a narrow street, and the intending purchaser has to fight his way through a dense crowd to choose his plants. No lover of dwarf trees should miss attending one of these sales, and perhaps the uncertainty as to whether the plant is in good health, or the bowl containing it is broken, adds to the excitement of bargaining with the stall-holder;

every Japanese loves a bargain, and the transaction is eagerly watched by the crowd, and the "foreign devil" will gain their admiration if he can hold his own against the rapacity of the salesman. As the plants vary in price, from a few sen to two or three yen, one can afford to carry off a sufficient number to ensure having some, at least, that will be a reward for one's patience. On the 1st of April the best night-market of the year is held. The stalls will be covered with tempting little flowering trees, their buds almost bursting and full of promise of lovely blossoms to come--sturdy little peach-trees, their branches thickly covered with soft velvet buds just tinged with pink; drooping cherries wreathed with red-brown buds; slender pyrus trained into wonderful twisted shapes; little groves of maple-trees, their scarlet or bronze leaves just unfurling, or miniature forests of larch, shading mossy ravines with rivers of white sand; ancient pine-trees spreading their branches over rocky precipices rising from a bed of pebbles; sweet-scented daphnes, golden-flowered forsythias, and early azaleas in porcelain dishes, which are round or oval, square, shallow or deep, and of every shade, from white, through soft greys and blues to a deep green. Every plant is a picture in itself, and the difficulty lies in deciding, not which to buy, but which one can bring oneself to leave behind.

Siebold, who visited Japan and wrote the *\_Flora Japonica\_* upwards of sixty years ago, thus describes the dwarf trees:--

The Japanese have an incredible fondness for dwarf trees, and with reference to this the cultivation of the Ume, or Plum, is one of the most general and lucrative employments of the country. Such plants are increased by in-arching, and by this means specimens are obtained which have the peculiar habit of the Weeping Willow. A nurseryman offered me for sale in 1826 a plant in flower which was scarcely three inches high; this *\_chef d'œuvre\_* of gardening was grown in a little lacquered box of three tiers, similar to those filled with drugs which the Japanese carry in their belts; in the upper tier was this Ume, in the second row a little Spruce Fir, and at the lowest a Bamboo scarcely an inch and a half high.

The Japanese still love their dwarf trees as much as they did in the days of Siebold, and the trade in them has received additional impetus of late years, as great numbers are exported annually to Europe and the United States, where I fear they are not treasured as works of art, but are only regarded as curiosities.

At different seasons of the year the nursery gardens will be gay with the display of some especial flower. Early in May the gaudy-coloured curtains and paper lanterns at the gates will announce, in the bold black lettering which is one of the chief ornaments of the country, that a special exhibition of azaleas is being held. It is scarcely

conceivable that any plants can bear so many blossoms as do these stiff and prim little azalea-trees; the individual blooms are small, but their serried ranks form one dense even mass, flat as a table, for no straggling branches are allowed in these perfectly grown plants. Every shade is there, an incredible blaze of colour, all the plants the same shape, all practically the same size, and all in the same shaped pots; the only variety being in the delicate hue of the faience pots or the vivid colouring of the blossoms. The pots are arranged in rows or stages under the blue and white checked roofing, which seems peculiarly to belong to flower exhibitions; the effect cannot be said to be artistic, but there is something very attractive about the little trees, which are visited by the same crowd of sight-seers, who seem to spend their days in "flower-viewing" and quiet feasting on the matted benches, the latter being inseparable from these flower resorts.

Other flower exhibitions will follow in their turn--great flaunting pæonies, brought with loving care from the gardens near Osaka; and then the last and most treasured flower of all, the chrysanthemum. Again the little matted or chess-board roof will be brought into requisition, and an unceasing throng of visitors will discuss the merits of the last new variety, or of a plant more perfectly grown than its neighbour. Here, too, I saw plants of single chrysanthemums, like great soft pink daisies, grown in tall narrow porcelain pots, grey-blue in colour; left untrained and unsupported the main stem fell over the side of the pot, and the whole plant hung down with natural grace; the effect was charming, and I could not help thinking might easily be accomplished in any garden.

At the end of the year may also be seen the dishes being prepared with a combination of plum, bamboo, and pine which will be found on the \_tokonoma\_ of almost every house throughout the empire at the New Year, bringing good luck and long life to the inmates. Sometimes the combination will be merely a flower arrangement, but usually it is of a more lasting nature, and a little plum-tree covered with soft pink buds, a tiny gnarled old pine, and a small plant of bamboo, will be firmly planted in the dish, a rock and a few stones may be added for effect, and the ground mossed over to suggest great age. Occasionally a clump of some everlasting flower, such as \_Adonis amurensis\_, is used instead of the plum.

It is probably in the nursery garden that the traveller will first see one of the toy gardens called \_Hachi-niwa\_--dish gardens--where a perfect landscape and a well-known scene is accurately represented within the limited area of a shallow china dish, varying in size from six inches in length to two feet. Here we have another art, for the making of \_Hachi-niwa\_ is almost as much trammelled by rules and conventions as its fellow-arts of flower arrangement and landscape gardening, and the same unbending law of proportion is the first

consideration. Just as the landscape gardener chooses the scene which his garden is to represent, in proportion to the size of the ground which the future garden is intended to cover, so the maker of a \_Hachi-niwa\_ must choose his scene in proportion to the size of his dish; or, as his choice of dishes may be infinite, varying from a few inches upwards, and being in shape round or oval, long and narrow, with square or rounded ends; so having decided on his landscape, he may then choose his dish. As I had been much attracted by these little miniature gardens, each in itself a perfect picture, I determined to learn something of the manner of their construction and to try and grasp a few of the principles of the art. I had heard of a gardener in Kyoto who was a great master in the art, a disciple and pupil of one of the Tokyo professors, who might tell me what I wished to learn. On my first visit to his house he looked incredulous at the idea of a foreigner wishing to study the art of \_Hachi-niwa\_. Thinking I could only wish to purchase a ready-made garden to carry off as a curiosity, he appeared decidedly reserved, and reluctant to impart any information on the subject of their composition. A friend who accompanied me, and was more eloquent in his language than I was, assured him that I was in earnest--not merely a passer-by, but one who had already spent many months in his country; then his interest awoke, and he asked me to return the next day, when he would have all the materials prepared and I could choose my own subject.

Many a happy hour did I spend making these little gardens and learning something of their history. A certain paraphernalia is necessary for the construction of these miniature landscapes, and the requisite materials include a supply of moss of every variety--close cushions of moss to form the mountains, flat spreading moss to clothe the rocks, white lichen moss to carpet the ground beneath the venerable pine-trees, which in themselves are especially grown and dwarfed, till at the age of four or five years they will only have attained the imposing height of as many inches; leaning and bent pines for the scenery of Matsushima or the garden of Kinkakuji, groves of tiny maples for Arashiyama, and pigmy trees of all descriptions. Finally, there are microscopic toys to give life to the scene--perfect little temples and shrines, in exact imitation of the originals, modelled out of the composition that is used for pottery, baked first in their natural colour, then coloured when necessary and baked again; coolies, pedlars, pilgrims in endless variety, less than an inch in height; bridges, lanterns, \_torii\_, boats, junks, rafts, mills, thatch-roofed cottages--everything, in fact, that is necessary in the making of a landscape, down to breakwaters for the rivers, made like tiny bamboo cages filled with stones, such as exist at every turn of rivers like the Fuji-kawa. The necessary implements consisted of chop-sticks, the use of which is an art in itself, a trowel suggesting a doll's mason's trowel, a tiny flat-iron for smoothing the surface of the sand, besides diminutive scoops for holding only a few grains of sand, a pair of

enlarged forceps for placing the moss, little fairy brooms about two inches long to sweep away sand which may have got out of place, and a sieve of like dimensions to sift white powder for a snow scene, and, finally, a fine water sprayer to keep the moss damp and fresh.

When the selection of the dish has been made--the regulation kind being of white or mottled blue china, in size twelve inches by eight, or eighteen inches by twelve, about one inch deep--and the scene decided upon, damp sifted earth will form the mountains and the foundations in which the rocks are embedded; the hills are carefully carved and moulded into perfect shape; crevasses, down which a torrent of white sand will flow, to represent a river, or a mountain road running between a gorge of terrific rocks, are marked out. Then will come the firm planting of the stones, toy temples, houses, or bridges; the position of the trees is carefully weighed and considered; and last of all comes the sand--sand of a deep grey colour for deep water, lighter in colour for the shallows, yellowish sand for the ground or roads, snow-white granite chips for water racing down from the mossy mountains or dashing against the cliffs, coarser shingle for the beach in sea scenes; and the correct use of all these sands is a history in itself, as all the different coloured varieties come from the different rivers of Japan, and to use the wrong sand to represent water or earth would be an unforgivable crime in the eye of the master.

To show that great men have turned their attention to these little toy gardens, no less an artist than the celebrated Hiroshige, whose colour-prints of the fifty-three stages of the journey on the old Tokaido road, along which the Shoguns, in days gone by, travelled with all the pomp and state due to their rank, from Kyoto to Yedo, are well known and prized by all lovers of these prints, evidently considered these scenes so suited for the making of toy gardens, that he designed a special book in which the fifty-three views appear as Hachi-niwa. The book is now, unfortunately, scarce and difficult to obtain, but I had the delight of seeing the whole set of views in real life, each in its little dish. My teacher told me that the first Exhibition of Hachi-niwa ever held in Kyoto would take place at the Kyoto Club, where the various competitors would exhibit different views, and a prize would be awarded, from votes by ballot, to the best in the collection. Needless to say, as soon as the doors, or rather the sliding shoji, of the club were thrown open to the public, I hastened to study these perfect little works of art. Round three white-matted rooms they stood, each dish on a low black wood stand a few inches high, raised on a dais only another few inches from the ground, so that to view them properly it was necessary to kneel in adoration before them. I was asked to vote for the three I liked best, and never did I have a greater difficulty in deciding. At first a view of Kodzu attracted my attention, with its pine-clad cliffs, deep-indented coast line, stony beach with a moored junk, and stretching away in the

distance an expanse of pale blue sea, in the offing being a fleet of fishing-boats with sails not more than half an inch in size bellying in the breeze. This seemed to me perfection; every ripple on the water was marked in the sand, the crests of the waves white, the shadows a deep blue, and the reflection of the junk in perfect outline--a marvel of neatness and ingenuity. But to the Japanese this did not appeal; they condemned it for its very perfection; any one, they said, could make such a scene who had sufficient patience and neat fingers; whereas the view of Kanaya appealed to them as having something grand and yet simple in its conception. A river of white sand threaded its way through the mossy plain, and in the distance stood the little mountain village nestling at the foot of a range of mountains carved in stone. This was awarded the prize, and, I was glad to think, had been made by my teacher. Such an exhibition I had expected would be principally visited by women and children, as I had heard that the making of \_Hachi-niwa\_ was a favourite occupation for the ladies of Tokyo, but here in Kyoto they found interest in the eyes of "grave and reverend seigneurs" who gathered in groups about the rooms. I saw all the members of the club, politicians, writers, poets, the greatest in the land, engrossed in discussing the merits or demerits of toy gardens, and I could not help thinking that here was a country indeed where "small things amuse great minds."



## EVANGELISTS AND EVANGELIZING

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *A Book of Gems*, by Benjamin Franklin

We have had a continuous series of writing and preaching about properly qualified Evangelists, and numerous schemes have been set on foot and advocated, for raising up and qualifying men for this great work. Still, the Evangelical field is not at all supplied. No scheme set on foot is supplying, or likely to supply, the field. Some few preachers are being manufactured, but where do they go? and what do they do? How many of them go out into the field and preach the gospel, convert sinners, plant and build up churches? Where is one doing anything of this kind? In many parts of the country, they have made people believe that the old preachers who have planted the churches and made the principal part of all the converts that have been made, are behind the times, and incapable of preaching, discouraged and driven many of them from the field, and the work is not progressing. We need, and \_must have\_, if we ever progress, evangelists, or missionaries, who will travel throughout the length and breadth of the country, visit the churches, "see how they do," "set in order the things that are wanting," recruit their numbers, and maintain the faith once delivered



to the saints. We need, and must have, men who will visit weak churches, enter new communities, where there are no churches,—bold adventurers, pioneers to open the immense forests, and make the rude desert blossom like the rose. This work must be done, and we \_must\_ have \_the men that \_can\_ and \_will\_ do it.

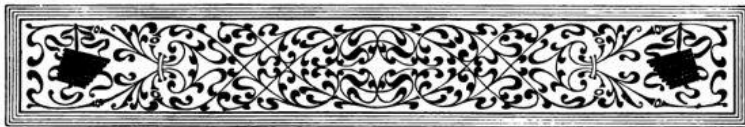
Where are we to obtain this class of men? Can we never learn anything from the history of the past, from all experience? Where did the men come from, who have done pretty much of all this kind of work that has ever been done? Is a miracle to be expected? Will men for this work, come from a source whence such men never came? No! never while man is man, and human nature is human nature. Men brought up in school houses, fed and clothed from their father's pockets, without ever knowing what it was to earn a dollar, or a coat for their backs, without knowing anything about the hardships and buffetings of the world, no matter if they become scholars, and learn how to say a few fine things, \_never will\_ and \_never can\_ do the work we are speaking of. They have not the constitution, the physical energies to do it. They have not the knowledge of the world, the ways and manners of the people to do it. They know nothing of the toils, hardships, and burdens, of the masses of mankind; are incompetent to sympathize with them, mingle with them, become a fellow creature with them, and preach the Gospel of Salvation to them, in an acceptable and successful manner and save them. They not only are wholly incompetent, incapable, and could not, if they would; but it is not their atmosphere, not their congenial sphere, and they \_never will\_ do the work in the Lord's great Evangelical field. They never have done the work, and never will.

We must turn our eye in another direction. We must look to men who have come up in our midst, among the people, who are of the people, in active life, habits of industry, who have known what it was to earn a living—men who have found out what a dollar is worth by earning it; learned the people by mingling with them; developed their physical man by active and industrious life; know the ways of the world by being in it. We must look to men of this description whose hearts have been overcome by the love of Christ, whose energies have been enlisted in the churches, and who are brought forth by the churches, and should be reared up and encouraged by the churches. Here is where we must look for Evangelists. The church must open the way for her young men, set them forth, and bring out all the talent she has within; and every man that has the natural endowment, the energy, the love for man, the anxiety for man's salvation, necessary for one who would go out into the world to save men, will make his way into the Evangelical field, and make his mark in the world. If he lacks learning or information, and has the proper zeal, desire for his work, and natural endowment, he will acquire the learning and knowledge. We must open the way for such, in all the churches; show our young men that we are looking for them to come forth and enter upon this great work. We must give them

opportunities and encourage them to speak, to read the Scriptures and pray in public, and we shall soon find that the Lord has plenty of material of the first quality, for this great work.

Here is the source whence our laboring men have come—our active effective men who are doing, and have always done the work. It is useless for us to be deluded by the vain hope that the men we need, will ever come from any other source. We must turn our attention to the Evangelical work, concentrate our energies upon it, and do all in our power to promote it. Every man that can preach at all; every man that can turn a sinner to the Lord, should be engaged in the work, with all zeal and power. We must preach the word both publicly and privately, with the tongue, and pen through newspaper, pamphlet, magazine, tract and book; in every possible way, and by all means, we must preach the word of God from the rivers to the ends of the earth, and make all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which, from the beginning of the world, hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ. “Go,” brethren, the Lord says, “Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;” “Go,” says he, “therefore, and teach all nations.” Let every man go, who can call a few people together, and preach the word of the Lord to them. Yes, go if you can preach at all, turn sinners to God and save them;—go and preach. Go under a sense of the mighty work, remembering the language of that great preacher and apostle to the Gentiles, “Wo is me if I preach not the Gospel.” God requires those who have the gospel and the ability, to preach it now, and this same \_wo\_ will rest upon them if they do not do it.

What a crying sin against the Lord, who gave us the gospel, and man to whom he commands it to be preached, for those with the ability, to refuse to preach the gospel of the grace of God? Who but these shall answer to God, if the people perish for the word of God? The first disciples, when dispersed from their homes, deprived of all their earthly good, “went everywhere preaching the word.”



## OIL AND WATER

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Mountains of Fears*, by Henry C. Rowland

WE were skirting the Island of Margherita, which belongs to Venezuela and produces pearls of small size but excellent quality. I was smoking an after-dinner cigar with Dr. Leyden, the collector, who earns his living by supplying museums and professors with specimens from the animal, vegetable, and mineral worlds.

"Did you ever notice, Doctor," he asked, suddenly, "how African blood is curdled by being mixed with Anglo-Saxon?"

"I had always thought," said I, "that African blood mixes badly with any other."

"No. With Latin blood it will combine like whisky and soda, but the Anglo-Saxon plasma exerts upon it an action like that of alcohol upon albumen——" He paused and absently followed the course of a school of flying-fish that flickered suddenly from the swash alongside and skittered away across the dancing waves.

"What suggested this topic to your mind?" I asked, curiously, for we had been discussing the relative naval strength of Germany and the United States.

"That island." He nodded toward Margherita as it rose, rough in outline, but with the misty softness of distance, from the quiet, pink and purple sea. The sun was resting on the rim of the sky-line, and its late rays bathed the lavender slopes of the mountains, that rose in tumbling confusion, their summits blazing with high-lights and their feet already clothed in slanting shadows.

Almost as we watched, the sun slipped under the sea; a multi-colored breeze rippled the face of the water; opalescent flashes sparkled here and there from the sails of the little Portuguese men-of-war, and then the day-light began to wane, as it seemed, in rhythmic beats.

"Odd," continued Leyden, clinging with Teutonic persistency to his theory, conscious but unaffected by his exquisite surroundings. "The popular idea is that an individual having a drop of African blood is more negro than white, even though the white predominates, as in the case of a quadroon or octoroon. This is wrong, Doctor. The white is by far the more potent strain, but, because it is more apt to color the mind than the skin, it is not recognized as such."

"Primitive organizations are usually more virile," I began.

"It is not of the physical but of the mental that I speak!" he interrupted, a bit testily. "It is an undeserved compliment to the negro and an unjust insult to the white to claim that a man having an equal amount of both strains is more black than white, but if the white strain is Anglo-Saxon or Scandinavian, then he is both white and black, and all of each, for they will mix no more than oil and water."

He was silent again, and I waited, for I knew that he would presently back his theory by an illustration.

"You know Margherita?" I asked, presently, to help him get under way.

"Better than is necessary," he replied, and was silent again. The swift tropic twilight had almost faded; the slopes of the mountains were somber with mysterious shadows; a huge cumulus cloud, still crimson about its edges, was stranded on the highest peaks, and above it a dainty crescent moon was swiftly growing brighter.

"Let us go aft," muttered Leyden. "These cattle make too much noise!"

He was quite right, for that part of the deck was infested by our fellow-passengers; the Venezuelans were chattering like a band of apes; naked babies lived and moved and had their unclean little beings where they listed; near us a British engineer was arguing in Spanish with a German coffee planter, and behind him an Austrian Jew who had been buying pearls in Margherita was showing his wares to the wife of a Dutch officer returning to Curaçao from a visit to relatives in Surinam, and the two were chattering away in voluble French. Our captain, a fine specimen of a Hollander, was playing chess with an Italian, and the latter was winning, having no ship on the coast and his brain unfilled with plans regarding the securing of a cargo for Havre or Amsterdam. Through the crowd came a stolid Dutch quartermaster, picking his way along the deck to read the taffrail-log, which he did, and returned oblivious to all but the number in his head, as I could see from the moving of his lips as he muttered it over to himself.

Leyden led the way aft to the grating beside the hand steering-gear—the place where we usually held our sessions of swapping experiences. I drew out a fresh cigar and the German lit his big porcelain pipe, an apparatus especially adapted to the needs of the *\_raconteur\_*, as one could take a puff or two and then bank the fire until the next stopping-place.

"It was several years ago," he began. "I had been sent up the Orinoco by an American university, a new one in the Middle West, to which some sausage-maker had given a fortune to build and stock a museum of natural history. The president of the university sent for me; I can never sufficiently admire the capability of this young man for his position. He took me into the museum and showed me at least a kilometer of empty shelves.

"‘This place must be chock-a-block by commencement time,’ said he. ‘I have four men at work in North America, two in South America, four in Europe—’ and so on, all over the face of the earth. ‘I wish you to take charge of South America, north of the Amazon. There is a man in the Amazon Valley chasing up the fish and reptiles, and one in Peru, out for mammals. You are to get after the birds and insects; of course, if you

should happen to run across anything rare that's not in your line just gather it in, anyway.' He glanced at some typewritten memoranda. 'That ought to give us an A1 stock of South American goods, and before we get through if we don't have Putney University bluffed off the boards \_I'll\_ go to h—'"

Leyden paused, and I heard his china stove splutter as he laughed softly.

"It was a good outfit, that of mine—the best I have ever had. There were four large boats, with a crew of five men in each. As quantity was required as well as quality, I stocked up as if for a trading expedition. You know, Doctor, natives are themselves born collectors; moreover, an observant savage knows a rare thing when he sees it. I have had a large experience with aborigines and know the capriciousness of their tastes. The objects which one would expect to attract them they often positively refuse to look at, while for something else they are ready to do murder. If a man is fortunate enough to strike a popular fancy he can buy a whole tribe. And that is what I proposed to do.

"There was a friend of mine in New York, a German, who had traded on the Orinoco, and from him I formed some ideas in regard to trade-stuffs, for, you see, it was my plan to subsidize some tribe and have them doing my collecting while I stopped in camp to pack and preserve specimens. Before leaving New York I went to one of the big wholesale 'notion' stores on Broadway and explained my needs to the superintendent. The first thing which he showed me—as a joke, I believe—was a consignment of fawn-colored opera hats which had been made for some minstrel company which went into the hands of the receiver before the goods were delivered. They were light and folded compactly, and you know how savages delight in elaborate head-gear. I bought three dozen for twenty dollars. Then I bought two dozen harmonicas and two dozen bright jew's-harps. Of course, I got the usual stock goods—fishhooks, calico prints, aniline dyes—and finally the proprietor, who had a keen sense of humor, presented me with a case of four dozen old-fashioned iron spectacle frames which contained no glasses. As I wear spectacles myself, I decided that possibly I might set a fashion up in Orinoco, and accordingly took them along."

Leyden paused to turn the forced draught on his tobacco crucible, and in the silence I caught odd snatches of conversation in at least five different tongues: "\_Tres pien marche—tres pien marche\_" came the guttural voice of the pearl-buyer. "\_Cuanto por la picinia\_" from the Venezuelans, followed by a snigger of that peculiar note that goes with an improper anecdote; a sort of falsetto giggle—everyone knows the kind. Then the captain got checkmated, and swore a good, hearty Dutch oath that sounded strangely clean and honest and wholesome as compared to the staccato fragments on all sides.

"I had my outfit towed up as far as Ciudad Bolivar," Leyden continued. "There I found a German named Meyers, who had a big trading station. He told me in confidence that he was planning to call in his loans, as far as he was able, and leave the country, as the rapacity of the new government made it impossible to carry on a profitable trade. He was a man of about fifty, unmarried, and had lived at least half of his life on the river.

"It happened that my lieutenant, a young German-American named Lefferts, had contracted the fever on the way up the river. He was the son of an old friend of mine in New York, and I had promised to take care of him. You have had some experience in tropical malaria, Doctor. Or perhaps it is not malaria; at any rate, one dies in rather an indecent hurry, and quinine is about as efficient as so much flour. I sent the lad back on the steamer and asked Meyers if he knew of any one with whom to replace him—a white man, of course, as it is always well to have at least two white men when there are things to steal.

"When I asked the question it seemed to me that Meyers' pale yellow face took on a more lifelike color.

"'There is a young man in my employ whom you might persuade to go,' said he. 'At present he is keeping the store. I will send for him—but I beg of you not to say a word concerning what I have mentioned in regard to my returning to Germany.'

"'Certainly not,' said I. Meyers gave an order to a servant, and a few minutes later I saw a broad-shouldered young fellow walking toward the house. Even before he came within hail his striking resemblance to Meyers told me what he was.

"Few men could have told that he was not a German born, and still fewer that African blood flowed through his veins, but my calling is one which demands close powers of observation. His hair was of a light brown, straight, but utterly without lustre; his blue eyes had a muddy tinge, and his skin, although fair, had that peculiar purple tint of raw meat which one sees in blonds with African corpuscles.

"Meyers explained my needs, and the young man, whose name was Frederick, listened attentively, as I did also, for as the older man talked I became conscious of an odd accent of fear in his voice. Each time that his natural son turned his eyes in his direction Meyers would seem to recoil and his voice would grow faint and irresolute. It did not take me long to see that the trader was in mortal terror of his offspring.

"Frederick listened, as it seemed to me, a bit sulkily, and once or twice gave Meyers a sidelong glance of suspicion, as if he was trying to

discover some ulterior motive—which indeed was not lacking, as I very well knew that Meyers would not be there when I returned, and I more than half suspected that Meyers would have left before had it not been for Frederick.

“‘What will you pay?’ he asked, suddenly, turning to me. I told him.

“‘It is not much,’ he observed, in a surly voice.

“‘I am not urging you to come,’ I replied, quietly. ‘There is the proposition; take it or leave it.’

“‘I will let you know in the morning,’ said he, and left us with no salutation.

“When he had gone Meyers turned to me with a weak and somewhat frightened smile.

“‘I think that he will go,’ said he. ‘He is fond of money. Of course’—he smiled in a way that made me want to kick him—‘you understand—the—eh—my position—’

“‘No’—I answered a bit brutally, I fear—‘I don’t. If you care enough about him to educate him as you appear to have done, why do you want to desert him?’

“He shrank as if I had struck him, and for a moment seemed on the verge of collapse, then recovered and clapped his hands feebly. A yellow girl, in an unclean pinafore which rather emphasized the nakedness beneath, flopped out of the house, holding her frock partly together with one hand, and asked what he wanted.

“‘Schiedam and bitters—and bring a water-monkey,’ he answered. Rather to my surprise, the wench did as she was bid, favoring me with a rather bold stare.

“It was intensely hot—just before the afternoon shower. We were sitting on the raised veranda of Meyers’ house, and down below us the river oozed along, viscid and brown and sticky-looking, like molasses flowing out of a stove-in vat. The clouds were banking up black and forbidding on the other side of the stream, and occasionally a rumble of thunder reached us.

“‘You do not know—do not understand,’ said Meyers, finally. He raised one skinny, mottled hand to his red, untidy beard, which was getting gray around his muzzle, like an old collie, which, in fact, he somewhat resembled. ‘Of course, you see the relationship.’ His fingers massaged his lips, a frequent gesture with people of vacillating character. ‘I

was fond of him as a boy and flattered myself that his negro blood was in no way evident, though his mother was a mulatto—but it was only in process of incubation; it has since shown itself—not physically, but in more sinister manifestations: in the workings of his mind.’ He reached for his gin-and-bitters, slopping half of it down the front of his tunic. ‘My conscience demands that I should warn you,’ he went on, after gulping down his gin and wiping his gray muzzle on his sleeve. ‘He is intelligent, and when not crossed his disposition is cheerful and kind—when not crossed, you observe, because it is when his resentment is aroused that the black blood comes all to the surface. At such times he is a fiend incarnate—but there is no reason why in your case any such condition should arise.’ He glanced about him nervously, then hunched his chair closer to mine. ‘I will tell you something that you would never guess,’ said he, pushing his face toward mine until his gin-soaked bristles almost touched my cheek. ‘At times’—his voice dropped to a whisper—‘at times I am actually in fear of him!’

“‘Do you think that he will accept my offer?’ I asked, leaning backward, for the man was getting momentarily more repugnant to me.

“\_B’r’r’gh!\_” Leyden arose suddenly and, walking to the taffrail, spat into the water. “I can see the fellow yet, Doctor,” he said, turning to me apologetically. “He—and his unhealthy, exotic surroundings, that were partly luxurious, partly rotten, like one of those beautiful carnivorous orchids with their wonderful tints and charnel-house odor—mauve and carmine outside and inside full of decaying insects. Meyers was rich, and he had a fine house and a beautiful garden, and European delicacies, and books, and \_objets de vertu\_, but his setting was poisonous! Mangroves and fever and humid heat—and whenever you went in and out of his place you would catch a glimpse of slatternly, half-naked native women poking and prying and getting out of the way. Then he would receive you in a limp, unbuttoned sort of a way—you know the type.

“He was of exceptionally good family and a man of highest education, but I fancied that he had pretty well degenerated——”

Eight bells were struck forward, and Leyden paused to strike a match and hold it to the dial of the log. The Dutch captain came aft at the same moment and held the lighted end of his cigar against the dial. He paused to chat with us for a moment, then went forward to see if the youthful mate on the bridge was still awake, for the strain of work is terrific on the coast, and I doubt if the mates had averaged four hours’ sleep in the twenty-four for a week.

“Frederick finally decided to accept my offer,” Leyden went on, “and the next day we left Bolivar and proceeded up the river. I explained my project to Frederick, who told me that he knew of a tribe located near the head of one of the tributaries of the Orinoco, whom he had once



visited on a trading expedition, and, as I judged that the district should be rich in the material of which I was in search, I decided to visit it.

“It was tedious working up that everlasting stream; hot, too, for there was seldom a breeze, and sometimes it seemed to me that the dome of humidity rising from that sluggish river acted as a lens, or burning glass, to focus upon us the rays of that withering sun. My crews turned out well; a few had the fever, but what surprised me was that Frederick seemed to suffer from the heat more than any of us. Yet he was a useful man—a good driver, although it seemed to me at times that he was unnecessarily abusive.

“Once we entered the tributary, the —, it was much better, for there we could keep in the shade of the great forest which rose right from the banks. I had already secured quite a number of specimens, and was altogether much satisfied by the way in which things were going.

“One peculiarity of Frederick which I had several times noticed was his personal vanity, a trait which at times made him ridiculous. I had observed the covetousness with which he regarded some of my personal effects, and had given him several trifles, among them a pair of bright yellow leather puttee-leggins, at which his delight was like that of a child. That was the African. The contraptions were too hot for me, too hot for anybody, but Frederick wore them constantly.

“I had not said much about my trading junk, thinking that he might regard me as a business rival, but one evening when we were encamped on the edge of the river I had the case of hats opened, as I had noticed the ants coming out of the crevices and wanted to see if the goods were damaged. I drew one of them out, punched it open, and was examining it, when I happened to glance at Frederick, who was standing near. His eyes were fairly bulging and his loose mouth agape.

“‘Why have you those hats, Doctor?’ he gasped, in astonishment.

“‘Trading stuff,’ I answered. ‘Do you think that the natives will like them?’

“‘The natives! But they are far too good! They are beautiful hats, such as gentlemen wear in the United States, are they not?’

“I glanced at him curiously, and saw that he was looking at that hat as a starving man might look at a loaf of bread. Really, in spite of Meyers having given him what would be equal to a good high-school education, the man was simple as a savage, and he had never been away from the Orinoco.

“‘You appear to admire them,’ I answered, carelessly; ‘perhaps you might like one yourself. They are light, and should be cool.’

“His eyes glistened; he could hardly thank me, he was so pleased. I overhauled the lot until I found one that fitted him, and after that he wore it constantly, to the great admiration of the native crews.

“A few days later we found the tribe, with whom I immediately opened negotiations. They were remarkably quick in learning what was required of them, and they were pleased with my goods. Especially they admired Frederick, who went about clad in bright yellow puttees, moleskin trousers, a white drill tunic with a military collar, and a fawn-colored opera hat. It seemed to me that the elegance of his attire had some good effect, for he certainly had great authority with those red Indians—more than I.

“Things went on swimmingly for a while; the savages brought me in specimens of every description; my packing cases were becoming filled, and it looked as if, where my part of it was concerned, Billings University might yet have Putney University ‘bluffed off the boards.’ The interest of the natives had begun to flag slightly, but I had refreshed it by serving out the harmonicas and jew’s-harps—a step which I soon regretted, as my camp became a nightmare of sound. A fortnight later, business becoming slack again, I served out the opera hats, and whipped up their ardor still further by exhibiting the spectacle frames.”

Leyden paused and chuckled into his pipe until the sparks spouted from the big china bowl like a roman candle.

“Imagine, Doctor, such a spectacle! I had brought a lot of mosquito netting—pink, it was—and with that I had shown the savages how to make insect nets. Such a sight! Forty or fifty Indians and bush-niggers, some naked except for a fawn-colored opera hat and a pair of iron spectacles without the lenses; others swathed in flaming calico prints, sitting around my camp blowing into a harmonica or a jew’s-harp, or sneaking through the jungle with shrimp-pink butterfly net! The very crocodiles used to crawl out upon the banks and laugh! And the natives all so proud and pleased!

“Then one day a few of them came in and said that they had trapped a \_maipuri\_—a kind of water-tapir—over on the other bank. I took a few men and went over to superintend the skinning of the beast, and while so engaged two of the Indians came rushing up to say that a small steamer was coming up the river.

“It turned out to be a little gunboat. Shortly after we left Bolivar there had been one of the semi-annual revolutions, and the new governor

of the district, knowing that I had gone up the river, had come up to see what could be made out of me. The matter could have been arranged peaceably enough had it not been for Frederick. On sighting the steamer the fool had promptly armed the boat crews, and when the people from the gunboat landed near the camp they were confronted by an array of twenty half-caste Caribs, armed with bored-out Springfields, and about two-score of Indians, gorgeously equipped with opera hats and spectacles, many of them blowing furiously into harmonicas and all armed with bows and spears.

“Those Indians, as you know, are the most harmless people in the world, but the Caribs will fight, and from all I could learn, for I was across the river at the time, that fool of a Frederick went roaring about, making frenzied orations and challenging the Venezuelans to try to land.

“They did land, and at the first volley Frederick rolled on his back, absolutely unhurt, and howled for mercy. The Caribs retreated firing, and managed to kill one of the people from the gunboat and wound three others. I started back the moment I heard the firing, but by that time my allies had been routed, and I was promptly arrested and put down below in double irons.

“They confiscated all of my specimens, stowing them away on the gunboat, took the boats in tow and down the river we went, leaving the Indians and boatmen in the bush. All of my protests were vain; I had been trading without a license from the government—which did not exist when I went up—in addition to which my people had fired upon government troops, killing a man and wounding others. No appeal to my consul would be permitted; I was no better than a pirate, etc.

“Frederick was chained up near me on the trip down, and he alternated between raving curses at our captors and whimpering like a pup when they cuffed him for it. You see, Doctor, the alien strains were always at work in that man. One minute he was white, the next black. Your French or Spanish or Italian half-caste would have had the cunning that is one of the compensations of the mongrel; but Frederick was in two layers, and sometimes one would be on top and sometimes the other, but they never mixed. It was even so with his personal appearance, for I noticed that when he was in charge of our men he looked the typical German; his features were aquiline, composed, dignified and showed character. On the other hand, when he was hurt or frightened the actual color of his skin was all that proclaimed him white. His eyes would bulge until the whites were visible all the way around, his forehead crept down, his nose would actually flatten and his lips rolled back in the typical African manner, showing their red linings and the big ivory teeth.

“Before we had reached the mouth of the river he was moping in the usual negro way, and I think that he would have died, as negroes will if their

despondency lasts too long, had we been a week longer \_en voyage\_.”

Leyden ceased speaking and jerked his head irritably toward the fat Italian who had been playing chess with the captain. He had fallen asleep in his chair, and, being a large man, his head had rolled back over the cross-bar. A shaft of light from the “\_rook kamer\_” fell upon the expanse of pale, flabby throat, stretched tense by the weight of the pendant head, and as I glanced that way it vibrated with strangling, unwholesome noises.

“\_Humbert!\_” called Leyden, in a soft, feminine voice, then quickly turned his back. The sodden mass convoluted; the noises culminated in a strangling snort; one almost heard the vertebræ creak as the strain came upon them; then he sat up and stared about in bewilderment.

“Nothing like the sound of one’s name to wake one, especially in a strange place,” chuckled Leyden, softly. “I saw on the passenger list that his name was Humbert.” He walked to the taffrail and leaned upon it for a moment, watching the glowing disks of phosphorescence whirled to the surface by the screw. They glowed and faded and then glowed again, to merge finally into a broad band of luminous silver that formed the wake.

“They left my specimen cases at Bolivar,” he resumed, talking to the rudder, apparently, “and took us around to Cumana, where they lodged us in the nasty little jail which I will show you to-morrow, if we are permitted to land. After a month of it—fever and starvation and vermin” (he scratched his shoulder with a squirm)—“I itch yet when I think of it—after a month of all this I became \_ennuyé\_ and decided to leave.” His voice grew ominously hard. “So one evening I took Frederick and we came away. Frederick was at pretty low ebb by that time, and it took about three days’ skillful jockeying to coax his German blood to the top; but eventually I got it there in sufficient volume to make me think that it would remain for an hour or two—and it did!—long enough to enable him to kill one of the devilish nigger guards with his naked hands. I crushed the skull of another with a jagged piece of rock, and then we wandered down the beach, found a rotten old canoe and paddled out to sea.

“The canoe was half waterlogged, and I knew that it would not carry us very far, so I decided to try and get to Margherita and take our chances on the rest. When the day broke I could just distinguish the outlines of the island, with the usual big cloud hanging over it. We paddled all day long, without seeming to get any nearer; then Frederick grew sulky all at once and threw down his paddle with the remark that he was going to die.

“‘You certainly will,’ said I, ‘unless you keep at work.’ I had filled a

water-jug that I found in the canoe before we started, but we had nothing to eat since afternoon of the day before, and what we got then was not of a tissue-building character.

“‘I am going to die,’ Frederick repeated—and then, confound him, he lay down in the bottom of the canoe and \_did\_ die!”

I grunted—for that seemed to me to be an adequate epitaph for such a person as I fancied Frederick to have been.

“I did not discover it at once,” Leyden went on, “but when I did I was rather relieved, as it is harder to share one’s nerve with another man than one’s food. I slid him over the side of the canoe and kept on with my paddling. Really, Doctor, that day is an absolute blank. About sunset I struck some of the outlying boats of the pearl divers and the next thing that I remember is waking up and finding myself lying in a nasty little hut covered with flies. I think that it was the smell of the shell-heaps on the beach that brought me to life again. But it was odd about that man Frederick, was it not?—and rather illustrates my theory, don’t you think?”

“Never mind your theory,” said I. “Tell me the rest of the story.”

“That was rather odd, too.” Leyden permitted himself a few reminiscent puffs. “The chap that rescued me was a French Jew who controlled quite a bit of the pearl-fishing industry on the island. He was clever enough to guess how I came to be floating about in that hollow log, but made no comment at the time. As soon as I was able to get about again, which was in a couple of days, he asked me if I wished to work for him. I declined with thanks, whereupon he said that in that case he felt that duty would compel his handing me over to the authorities. Practically, you see, I was his slave, but there seemed no help for it, so for the time being I took command of one of his larger boats and her crew. He gave me some clothes and my food and that was all.

“In the end I got even. One day, when I had landed my cargo of oysters on the beach and was about to begin opening—for you know the pearl fishers down here open the shells instead of rotting out, as they do in the East—an old native woman who had been squatting near the edge of the pile hobbled over to where I was standing and begged for one of the bivalves to eat. They are not bad, you know. I told her to help herself, expecting, naturally, that she would pick one up at her feet; but instead of that she went around to the other side of the heap and selected one there. This struck me as a bit odd; then, as she hobbled off, it seemed to me that she was in some haste to get away. Acting entirely upon impulse, and with no distinct idea of my motive, I picked up a couple of the oysters and ran after her.

“‘Here, mother,’ said I, ‘take these and give me that one which you have there.’

“She favored me with a look which actually reeked with malice, but, as there was no help for it, handed over the oyster. As I took it I saw my employer—or jailer, to be accurate—walking down the beach from his cabin—for he always superintended the opening of the shells, for very obvious reasons, and I had orders never to begin the work until his arrival. He was still some distance off, so, turning my back to him, I whipped out my knife and slit open the mollusk, and there, right on the very lip, was the largest pearl which I have ever seen on Margherita!

“You see, Doctor, when the oysters are thrown down on the beach the heat from the sun and the hot sand often causes them to open an inch or so. This old woman, who had come down, no doubt, with the purpose of begging an oyster to eat, was squatting in front of this especial one, and caught sight of the pearl through the slit between the two shells.”

Leyden turned to me suddenly. “What would you have done in such a case, Doctor?”

“Exactly what you did, I fancy,” I answered.

“Yes,” he replied, slowly; “I was justified. This Frenchman was detaining me through blackmail and forcing me to work like a dog for fear of being turned over to the Venezuelans. I kept the pearl and a week later managed to escape to Curaçao on a schooner. There I sold my pearl for eight hundred dollars, and as soon as I had the money I wrote to the gentleman who had broken up my expedition and offered him five hundred dollars for all my effects delivered to me at Curaçao. They came on the next Dutch steamer and were handed over to me by the captain upon my payment of the money. Three weeks later they were gracing the shelves of the new museum of Billings University and I was on my way to Mexico to collect Aztec relics for the same excellent institution.”



## JAN, THE UNREPENTANT

From the Internet Archive e-text of

*The God of His Fathers*

*And Other Stories*

By Jack London

" For there ' s never a law of God or man  
Runs north of Fifty -three. ' '

JAN rolled over, clawing and kicking. He was righting hand and foot now, and he fought grimly, silently. Two of the three men who hung upon him, shouted directions to each other, and strove to curb the short, hairy devil who would not curb. The third man howled. His finger was between Jan's teeth.

" Quit yer tantrums, Jan, an" ease up ! " panted Red Bill, getting a strangle-hold on Jan's neck. " Why on earth can't yeh hang decent and peaceable ? " But Jan kept his grip on the third man's finger, and squirmed over the floor of the tent, into the pots and pans.

" Youah no gentleman, suh," reproved Mr. Taylor, his body following his finger, and endeavoring to accommodate itself to every jerk of Jan's head. " You hev killed Mistah Gordon, as brave and honorable a gentleman as ever hit the trail aftah the dogs. Youah a murderah, suh, and without honah."

" An' yer no comrade," broke in Red Bill. " If you was, you 'd hang 'thout rampin' around an' roarin'. Come on, Jan, there 's a good fellow. Don't give us no more trouble. Jes' quit, an' we 'll hang yeh neat and handy, an' be done with it."

"Steady, all ! " Lawson, the sailorman, bawled.

" Jam his head into the bean pot and batten down."

" But my fingah, suh," Mr. Taylor protested.

"Leggo with y'r finger, then ! Always in the way ! "

" But I can't, Mistah Lawson. It 's in the critter's gullet, and nigh chewed off as 't is."

" Stand by for stays ! " As Lawson gave the warning, Jan half lifted himself, and the struggling quartet floundered across the tent into a muddle of

furs and blankets. In its passage it cleared the body of a man, who lay motionless, bleeding from a bullet-wound in the neck.

All this was because of the madness which had come upon Jan the madness which comes upon a man who has stripped off the raw skin of earth and grovelled long in primal nakedness, and before whose eyes rises the fat vales of the homeland, and into whose nostrils steals the whiff of hay, and grass, and flower, and new-turned soil. Through five frigid years Jan had sown the seed. Stuart River, Forty Mile, Circle City, Koyukuk, Kotzebue, had marked his bleak and strenuous agriculture, and now it was Nome that bore the harvest, not the Nome of golden beaches and ruby sands, but the Nome of '97, before Anvil City was located, or Eldorado District organized. John Gordon was a Yankee, and should have known better. But he passed the sharp word at a time when Jan's blood-shot eyes blazed and his teeth gritted in torment. And because of this, there was a smell of saltpetre in the tent, and one lay quietly, while the other fought like a cornered rat, and refused to hang in the decent and peaceable manner suggested by his comrades.

cc If you will allow me, Mistah Lawson, befoah we go further in this rumpus, I would say it wah a good idea to pry this hyer varmint's teeth apart. Neither will he bite off, nor will he let go. He has the wisdom of the sarpint, suh, the wisdom of the sarpint."

" Lemme get the hatchet to him ! " vociferated the sailor. " Lemme get the hatchet ! " He shoved the steel edge close to Mr. Taylor's ringer and used the man's teeth as a fulcrum. Jan held on and breathed through his nose, snorting like a grampus. " Steady, all ! Now she takes it ! " u Thank you, suh ; it is a powerful relief."

And Mr. Taylor proceeded to gather into his arms the victim's wildly waving legs. But Jan upreared in his Berserker rage ; bleeding, frothing, cursing ; five frozen years thawing into sudden hell. They swayed backward and forward, panted, sweated, like some cyclopean,



many-legged monster rising from the lower deeps. The slush-lamp went over, drowned in its own fat, while the midday twilight scarce percolated through the dirty canvas of the tent.

" For the love of Gawd, Jan, get yer senses hack ! " pleaded Red Bill. " We ain't goin' to hurt yeh, 'r kill yeh, 'r anythin' of that sort. Jes' want to hang yeh, that 's all, an' you a-messin' round an' rampagin\* somethin' terrible. To think of travellin' trail together an\* then bein' treated this-a way. Would n't 'bleeved it of yeh, Jan ! "

" He 's got too much steerage-way. Grab holt his legs, Taylor, and heave 'm over ! "

" Yes, suh, Mistah Lawson. Do you press youah weight above, after I give the word." The Kentuckian groped about him in the murky darkness. " Now, suh, now is the accepted time ! " There was a great surge, and a quarter of a ton of human flesh tottered and crashed to its fall against the side-wall. Pegs drew and guy-ropes parted, and the tent, collapsing, wrapped the battle in its greasy folds.

" Yer only makin' it harder fer yerself," Red Bill continued, at the same time driving both his thumbs into a hairy throat, the possessor of which he had pinned down. " You Ve made nuisance enough a' ready, an\* it 'll take half the day to get things straightened when we Ve strung yeh up." " I 'll thank you to leave go, suh," spluttered Mr. Taylor.

Red Bill grunted and loosed his grip, and the twain crawled out into the open. At the same instant Jan kicked clear of the sailor, and took to his heels across the snow.

" Hi ! you lazy devils ! Buck ! Bright ! Sic 'm ! Pull 'm down ! " sang out Lawson, lunging through the snow after the fleeing man. Buck and Bright, followed by the rest of the dogs, outstripped him and rapidly overhauled the murderer. There was no reason that these men should do this ; no reason for Jan to run away ; no reason for them to attempt to prevent him. On the one hand stretched the barren snow-land ; on the other, the frozen sea. With neither food nor shelter, he could not run far. All they had to do was to wait

till he wandered back to the tent, as he inevitably must, when the frost and hunger laid hold of him. But these men did not stop to think. There was a certain taint of madness running in the veins of all of them. Besides, blood had been spilled, and upon them was the blood-lust, thick and hot. u Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord, and He saith it in temperate climes where the warm sun steals away the energies of men. But in the Northland they have discovered that prayer is only efficacious when backed by muscle, and they are accustomed to doing things for themselves. God is everywhere, they have heard, but he flings a shadow over the land for half the year that they may not find him ; so they grope in darkness, and it is not to be wondered that they often doubt, and deem the Decalogue out of gear.

Jan ran blindly, reckoning not of the way of his feet, for he was mastered by the verb " to live." To live ! To exist ! Buck flashed gray through the air, but missed. The man struck madly at him, and stumbled. Then the white teeth of Bright closed on his mackinaw jacket, and he pitched into the snow. To live ! To exist ! He fought wildly as ever, the centre of a tossing heap of men and dogs. His left hand gripped a wolf-dog by the scruff of the back, while the arm was passed around the neck of Lawson. Every struggle of the dog helped to throttle the hapless sailor. Jan's right hand was buried deep in the curling tendrils of Red Bill's shaggy head, and beneath all, Mr. Taylor lay pinned and helpless. It was a deadlock, for the strength of his madness was prodigious; but suddenly, without apparent reason, Jan loosed his various grips and rolled over quietly on his back. His adversaries drew away a little, dubious and disconcerted. Jan grinned viciously.

" Mine friends," he said, still grinning, " you haf asked me to be politeful, und now I am politeful. Vot piziness vood you do mit me ? "

" That 's right, Jan. Be ca'm," soothed Red Bill. u I knowed you'd come to yer senses afore

long. Jes' be ca'm now, an\* we 'll do the trick with neatness and despatch."

"Vot piziness ? Vot trick ? "

" The hangin'. An\* yeh oughter thank yer lucky stars for havin\* a man what knows his business. I've did it afore now, more 'n once, down in the States, an' I can do it to a T."

" Hang who ? Me ? "

" Yep."

" Ha ! ha ! Shust hear der man speak foolishness ! Gif me a hand, Bill, und I vill get up und be hung."

He crawled stiffly to his feet and looked about him.

" Herr Gott ! listen to der man ! He vood hang me ! Ho ! ho ! ho ! I tank not ! Yes, I tank not ! "

" And I tank yes, you swab," Lawson spoke up mockingly, at the same time cutting a sled-lashing and coiling it up with ominous care. "Judge Lynch holds court this day."

"Von liddle while." Jan stepped back from the proffered noose. " I haf somedings to ask und to make der great proposition. Kentucky, you know about der Shudge Lynch ? "

"Yes, suh. It is an institution of free men and of gentlemen, and it is an ole one and time-honored. Corruption may wear the robe of magistracy, suh, but Judge Lynch can always be relied upon to give justice without court fees. I repeat, suh, without court fees. Law may be bought and sold, but in this enlightened land justice is free as the air we breathe, strong as the licker we drink, prompt as "

" Cut it short ! Find out what the beggar wants," interrupted Lawson, spoiling the peroration.

"Veil, Kentucky, tell me dis : von man kill von odder man, Shudge Lynch hang dot man ? "

" If the evidence is strong enough yes, suh."

"An\* the evidence in this here case is strong enough to hang a dozen men, Jan," broke in Red Bill.

" Nefer you mind, Bill. I talk mit you next. Now von anodder ding I ask Kentucky. If Shudge Lynch hang not der man, vot den ? "

" If Judge Lynch does not hang the man, then the man goes free, and his hands are washed clean of blood. And further, suh, our great and glorious constitution has said, to wit : that no man may twice be placed in jeopardy of his life for one and the same crime, or words to that effect."

" Unt dey can't shoot him, or hit him mit a club over der head alongside, or do nodings more mit him ? "

"No, suh."

" Goot ! You hear vot Kentucky speaks, all you noddleheads ? Now I talk mit Bill. You know der piziness, Bill, und you hang me up brown, eh ? Vot you say ? "

" 'Betcher life, an', Jan, if yeh don't give no more trouble ye 'll be almighty proud of the job. I 'm a connesoor."

" You haf der great head, Bill, und know some-dings or two. Und you know two und one makes tree ain't it ? "

Bill nodded.

" Und when you haf two dings, you haf not tree dings ain't it ? Now you follow mit me close und I show you. It takes tree dings to hang. First ding, you haf to haf der man. Goot ! I am der man. Second ding, you haf to haf der rope. Lawson haf der rope. Goot ! Und tird ding, you haf to haf someding to tie der rope to. Sling your eyes over der landscape und find der tird ding to tie der rope to ? Eh ? Vot you say ? "

Mechanically they swept the ice and snow with

their eyes. It was a homogeneous scene, devoid of contrasts or bold contours, dreary, desolate, and monotonous, the ice-packed sea, the slow slope of the beach, the background of low-lying hills, and over all thrown the endless mantle of snow. u No trees, no bluffs, no cabins, no telegraph poles, nothin'," moaned Red Bill ; " nothin' respectable enough nor big enough to swing the toes of a five-foot man clear o' the ground. I give it up." He looked yearningly at that portion of Jan's anatomy which joins the head and shoulders. u Give it up," he repeated sadly to Lawson. " Throw the rope down. Gawd never intended this here country for livin' purposes, an' that 's a cold frozen fact."

Jan grinned triumphantly. " I tank I go mit der tent und haf a smoke."

" Ostensible y'r correct, Bill, me son," spoke up Lawson ; " but y'r a dummy, and you can lay to that for another cold frozen fact. Takes a sea farmer to learn you landsmen things. Ever hear of a pair of shears ? Then clap y'r eyes to this." The sailor worked rapidly. From the pile of dunnage where they had pulled up the boat the preceding fall, he unearthed a pair of long oars. These he lashed together, at nearly right angles, close to the ends of the blades. Where the handles rested he kicked holes through the snow to the sand. At the point of intersection he attached two guy-ropes, making the end of one fast to a cake of beach-ice. The other guy he passed over to Red Bill. " Here, me son, lay holt o' that and run it out."

And to his horror, Jan saw his gallows rise in the air. " No ! no ! " he cried, recoiling and putting up his fists. " It is not goot ! I vill not hang ! Come, you noddleheads ! I vill lick you, all together, von after der odder ! I vill blay hell ! I vill do eferydings ! Und I vill die pefore I hang ! "

The sailor permitted the two other men to clinch with the mad creature. They rolled and tossed about furiously, tearing up snow and tundra, their fierce struggle writing a tragedy of human passion

on the white sheet spread by nature. And ever and anon a hand or foot of Jan emerged from the tangle, to be gripped by Lawson and lashed fast with rope-yarns. Pawing, clawing, blaspheming, he was conquered and bound, inch by inch, and drawn to where the inexorable shears lay like a pair of gigantic dividers on the snow. Red Bill adjusted the noose, placing the hangman's knot properly under the left ear. Mr. Taylor and Lawson tailed onto the running-guy, ready at the word to elevate the gallows. Bill lingered, contemplating his work with artistic appreciation.

" Herr Gott ! Vood you look at it ! "

The horror in Jan's voice caused the rest to desist. The fallen tent had uprisen, and in the gathering twilight it flapped ghostly arms about and titubated toward them drunkenly. But the next instant John Gordon found the opening and crawled forth.

" What the flaming ! " For the moment his voice died away in his throat as his eyes took in the tableau. " Hold on ! I 'm not dead ! " he cried out, coming up to the group with stormy countenance.

" Allow me, Mistah Gordon, to congratulate you upon youah escape," Mr. Taylor ventured. "A close shave, suh, a powahful close shave."

" Congratulate hell ! I might have been dead and rotten and no thanks to you, you ! " And thereat John Gordon delivered himself of a vigorous flood of English, terse, intensive, denunciative, and composed solely of expletives and adjectives. " Simply creased me," he went on when he had eased himself sufficiently. " Ever crease cattle, Taylor ? "

" Yes, suh, many a time down in God's country."

" Just so. That 's what happened to me. Bullet just grazed the base of my skull at the top of the neck. Stunned me but no harm done." He turned to the bound man. " Get up, Jan. I 'm going to lick you to a standstill or you 're going to apologize. The rest of you lads stand clear."

" I tank not. Shust tie me loose und you see,"  
replied Jan, the Unrepentant, the devil within him  
still unconquered. " Und after as I lick you, I take  
der rest of der noddleheads, von after der odder,  
altogedder ! "



## AT HAVANA

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Great Valley*, by Edgar Lee Masters

I met a fisherman at Havana once,  
Havana on the Illinois, I mean,  
There by the house and fish boats. He was burned  
The color of an acorn, and his hair  
Was coarse as a horse's tail. His scraggy hands  
Looked like thick bands of weather-colored copper,  
But his eyes were blue as faded gingham is.  
I stood amid the smell of scales and heads,  
And fishes' entrails dumped along the sand.  
The still air was a burning glass which focused  
A bon-fire sun right through my leghorn hat;  
And a black fly from crannies of the air  
Lit on my hand and bit it venomously.  
Across the yellow river lay the bottoms  
Where giant sycamores and elms o'ertopped  
A jungle of disgusting weeds. The breeze  
Hot as a tropic breath exhaled the reek  
Of baking mud and of those noisome weeds,  
Wherewith the odors of putrescent fish  
Mixed on the simmering sands. A naturalist  
Must seek the habitat of the life he studies....  
There on a platform lay the dressed fish, carp,  
Black-bass, and pike and pickerel, buffalo,  
Cat-fish, which I had come to see, and talk  
With fishermen along the Illinois.  
My man held up a fish and said to me;  
"Here is the bastard who drives all the fish  
Out of the river, out of any water  
He comes in, and he comes wherever food  
Can be obtained; the black-bass, even cat-fish,  
And all the good stocks run away from him,

He is so hoggish, plaguy, and so mean.  
The other fish may try to live with him,  
I'm thinking sometimes, anyway I know  
He drives the others out." I looked to see  
What fish is so unfriendly to his fellows.  
"Just look at him," he said, but as he spoke  
The black fly stung my hand again. When I  
Looked up from swatting him, the man had thrown  
The fish upon the sand, and a stray dog  
Was running off with him along the river.



## VAGRANT SONGS

Project Gutenberg's *Pan-Worship and Other Poems*, by Eleanor Farjeon

I

But yesterday the winds of March  
Bent back the barren branches of the larch ...  
But O! to-day  
The bareness from the earth is swept away.

Deep through my swelling breast I hear  
The wild call of the gipsy time o' year—  
O, Vagrant Spring,  
Brother o' mine, I'm for the gipsying!

The greening earth I stand upon  
Tingles my feet: Brother, we must begone!  
Younger and younger,  
All my heart cries aloud with Wander-Hunger

II

Of troubles know I none,  
Of pleasures know I many—  
I rove beneath the sun  
Without a single penny.

A king might envy long  
The fare my board adorning—  
Upon a throstle's song



I broke my fast this morning;

My lunch, a girl's quick smile,  
As I'm a living sinner;  
She walked with me a mile ...  
I kissed her for my dinner.

Of troubles know I none,  
Of pleasures know I many—  
I fare beneath the sun  
Without a single penny!

### III

O, how she laughs with me,  
Eats with me, quaffs with me,  
Smiles to me, sighs to me,  
Questions, replies to me,  
Answers my every mood,  
Finds good what I find good,  
    Earth, the green Mother!  
Where shall man live and die  
Having my treasury  
Which never gold could buy—  
Water and air and sky  
And Earth's great sympathy—  
Save he do live as I?  
    Join with me, Brother!

If you be sickening  
Here's for your quickening!  
Here at the heart of it  
You shall be part of it,  
And the good smell of rain  
Shall make you whole again—  
    Join with me, Brother!  
Here the life-sap runs green,  
Here the life-ways are clean,  
Here just one bird that sings  
Re-starts your sluggish springs,  
Here under moon and sun  
You, I and She are one,  
    Earth, the green Mother!

#### IV

I lay me on the ground  
    Under the dark,  
And Heaven's purple arc  
Drew its deep curtains round  
My weary head and shut away the sound.  
The golden star-lights crept  
    Over the hill ...  
I lay so very still  
I heard them as they stepped ...  
"Sleep!" breathed the Earth. Upon her breast I slept.

#### V

I'll stay one night beneath your roof,  
And longer I will stay for no man,  
And as for love, I'm loving-proof—  
    Turn by your eyes, White Woman.

The Wander-fever's in my blood,  
I have no time for simple loving—  
The hot Earth is in roving mood,  
    And I too must be roving.

\_If\_ I should love you ... soon, ah, soon  
I'd break your heart to go a-roaming,  
And chasing shadows of the moon  
    Think never once of homing.

Why will you wring my breast with tears?  
Tears will not quench the Wander-fever.  
Why will you fill my soul with fears  
    When I will go for ever?

I whom the Earth's green passions move  
Have put away all passions human ...  
I will not love!... I \_dare\_ not love ...  
    Turn by your eyes, White Woman.

#### VI

I went far and cold  
Over upland wold  
Where the story of spring's breathing  
Scarcely yet was told.

Shifting monotone  
Of the pale wind's moan  
Through my hair at dusk went wreathing,  
And I walked alone.

Far below and far  
Where the homesteads are  
One small ruddy candle twinkled,  
Warmer than a star.  
When the day was gone,  
Softly one by one  
Homing-lights the valley sprinkled ...  
And I wandered on.



## ACTO III

### ESCENA IV

Project Gutenberg's *Hamlet*, by William Shakespeare and L. Fernández Moratín

HAMLET, OFELIA

(Hamlet dirá este monólogo, creyéndose solo. Ofelia á un extremo del teatro lee.)

HAMLET.--Existir o no existir, ésta es la cuestión. ¿Cuál es más digna acción del ánimo: sufrir los tiros penetrantes de la fortuna injusta, u oponer los brazos a este torrente de calamidades, y darles fin con atrevida resistencia? Morir es dormir. ¿No más? ¿Y por un sueño, diremos, las aflicciones se acabaron y los dolores sin número, patrimonio de nuestra débil naturaleza?... Este es un término que deberíamos solicitar con ansia. Morir es dormir... y tal vez soñar. Sí, y ved aquí el grande obstáculo; porque el considerar qué sueños podrán ocurrir en el silencio del sepulcro, cuando hayamos abandonado este despojo mortal, es razón harto poderosa para detenernos. Esta es la consideración que hace nuestra infelicidad tan larga. ¿Quién, si esto no fuese, aguantaría la lentitud de los tribunales, la insolencia de los empleados, las tropelías que recibe pacífico el mérito, de los hombres más indignos, las angustias de un mal pagado amor, las injurias y quebrantos de la edad, la violencia de los tiranos, el desprecio de los soberbios, cuando el que esto sufre pudiera procurar su quietud con sólo un puñal? ¿Quién podría tolerar tanta opresión, sudando, gimiendo bajo

el peso de una vida molesta, si no fuese que el temor de que existe alguna cosa más allá de la muerte (aquel país desconocido, de cuyos límites ningún caminante torna) nos embaraza en dudas y nos hace sufrir los males que nos cercan, antes que ir á buscar otros de que no tenemos seguro conocimiento? Esta previsión nos hace á todos cobardes: así la natural tintura de valor se debilita con los barnices pálidos de la prudencia; las empresas de mayor importancia por esta sola consideración mudan camino, no se ejecutan, y se reducen á designios vanos. Pero... ¡la hermosa Ofelia! Graciosa niña, espero que mis defectos no serán olvidados en tus oraciones.

OFELIA.--¿Cómo os habéis sentido, señor, en todos estos días?

HAMLET.--Muchas gracias. Bien.

OFELIA.--Conservo en mi poder algunas expresiones vuestras que deseo restituiros mucho tiempo ha, y os pido que ahora las toméis.

HAMLET.--No, yo nunca te di nada.

OFELIA.--Bien sabéis, señor, que os digo verdad... Y con ellas me dísteis palabras de tan suave aliento compuestas, que alimentaron con extremo su valor; pero ya disipado aquel perfume, recibidlas, que un alma generosa considera como viles los más opulentos dones, si llega á entibiarse el afecto de quien los dió. Vedlos aquí.

(\_Presentándole algunas joyas. Hamlet rehusa tomarlas\_).

HAMLET.--¡Oh! ¡oh! ¿Eres honesta?

OFELIA.--Señor...

HAMLET.--¿Eres hermosa?

OFELIA.--¿Qué pretendéis decir con eso?

HAMLET.--Que si eres honesta y hermosa, no debes consentir que tu honestidad trate con tu belleza.

OFELIA.--¿Puede acaso tener la hermosura mejor compañera que la honestidad?

HAMLET.--Sin duda alguna. El poder de la hermosura convertirá á la honestidad en una alcahueta, antes que la honestidad logre dar á la hermosura su semejanza. En otro tiempo se tenía esto por una paradoja; pero en la edad presente es cosa probada... Yo te quería antes, Ofelia.

OFELIA.--Así me lo dabais á entender.

HAMLET.--Y tú no debieras haberme creído, porque nunca puede la virtud ingerirse tan perfectamente en nuestro endurecido tronco, que nos quite aquel resquemor original... Yo no te he querido nunca.

OFELIA.--Muy engañada estuve.

HAMLET.--Mira, vete á un convento: ¿para qué te has de exponer á ser madre de hijos pecadores? Yo soy medianamente bueno; pero al considerar algunas cosas de que puedo acusarme, sería mejor que mi madre no me hubiese parido. Yo soy muy soberbio, vengativo, ambicioso, con más pecados sobre mi cabeza que pensamientos para explicarlos, fantasía para darles forma, ni tiempo para llevarlos á ejecución. ¿A qué fin los miserables como yo han de existir arrastrados entre el cielo y la tierra? Todos somos insignes malvados: no creas á ninguno de nosotros; vete, vete á un convento... ¿En dónde está tu padre?

OFELIA.--En casa está, señor.

HAMLET.--¿Sí? pues que cierren bien todas las puertas, para que si quiere hacer locuras las haga dentro de su casa. Adiós.

( \_Hace que se va, y vuelve\_ )

OFELIA.--¡Oh, mi buen Dios, favorecedle!

HAMLET.--Si te casas, quiero darte esta maldición en dote. Aunque seas un hielo en la castidad, aunque seas tan pura como la nieve, no podrás librarte de la calumnia. Vete á un convento. Adiós. Pero... escucha: si tienes necesidad de casarte, cástate con un tonto; porque los hombres avisados saben muy bien que vosotras los convertís en fieras... Al convento, y pronto. Adiós.

( \_Hace, que se va, y vuelve\_ ).

OFELIA.--¡El cielo con su poder le alivie!

HAMLET.--He oído hablar mucho de vuestros afeites y embelecos. La naturaleza os dió una cara, y vosotras os hacéis otra distinta. Con esos brinquillos, ese pasito corto, ese hablar aniñado, pasáis por inocentes y convertís en gracia vuestros defectos mismos. Pero no hablemos más de esta materia, que me ha hecho perder la razón... Digo sólo que de hoy en adelante no habrá más casamientos; los que ya están casados (exceptuando uno) permanecerán así; los otros se quedarán solteros... Véte al convento, véte.

## ESCENA V

OFELIA

¡Oh, qué trastorno ha padecido esa alma generosa! La penetración del cortesano, la lengua del sabio, la espada del guerrero, la esperanza y delicias del estado, el espejo de la cultura, el modelo de la gentileza que estudiaban los más advertidos, todo, todo se ha aniquilado. Y yo, la más desconsolada é infeliz de las mujeres, que gusté algún día la miel de sus promesas suaves, veo ahora aquel noble y sublime entendimiento desacordado, como la campana sonora que se hiende; aquella incomparable presencia, aquel semblante de florida juventud, alterado con el frenesí. ¡ Oh, cuánta, cuánta es mi desdicha de haber visto lo que vi, para ver ahora lo que veo!



## CHAPTER I

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Tunnel*, by Dorothy M. Richardson

### 1

Miriam paused with her heavy bag dragging at her arm. It was a disaster. But it was the last of Mornington Road. To explain about it would be to bring Mornington Road here.

"It doesn't matter now" said Mrs. Bailey as she dropped her bag and fumbled for her purse.

"Oh, I'd better settle it at once or I shall forget about it. I'm so glad the things have come so soon."

When Mrs. Bailey had taken the half-crown they stood smiling at each other. Mrs. Bailey looked exactly as she had done the first time. It was exactly the same; there was no disappointment. The light coming through the glass above the front door made her look more shabby and worn. Her hair was more metallic. But it was the same girlish figure and the same smile triumphing over the badly fitting teeth. Miriam felt like an

inmate returning after an absence. The smeariness of the marble-topped hall table did not offend her. She held herself in. It was better to begin as she meant to go on. Behind Mrs. Bailey the staircase was beckoning. There was something waiting upstairs that would be gone if she stayed talking to Mrs. Bailey.

Assuring Mrs. Bailey that she remembered the way to the room she started at last on the journey up the many flights of stairs. The feeling of confidence that had come the first time she mounted them with Mrs. Bailey returned now. She could not remember noticing anything then but a large brown dinginess, one rich warm even tone everywhere in the house; a sharp contrast to the cold harshly lit little bedroom in Mornington Road. The day was cold. But this house did not seem cold and when she rounded the first flight and Mrs. Bailey was out of sight the welcome of the place fell upon her. She knew it well, better than any place she had known in all her wanderings--the faded umbers and browns of the stair carpet, the gloomy heights of wall, a patternless sheen where the staircase lights fell upon it and in the shadowed parts a blurred scrolling pattern in dull madder on a brown background; the dark landings with lofty ceilings and high dark polished doors surmounted by classical reliefs in grimed plaster, the high staircase windows screened by long smoke grimed lace curtains. On the top landing the ceiling came down nearly level with the tops of the doors. The light from above made the little grained doors stare brightly. Patches of fresh brown and buff shone here and there in the threadbare linoleum. The cracks of the flooring were filled with dust and dust lay along the rim of the skirting. Two large tin trunks standing one upon the other almost barred the passage way. It was like a landing in a small suburban lodging-house, a small silent afternoon brightness, shut in and smelling of dust. Silence flooded up from the lower darkness. The hall where she had stood with Mrs. Bailey was far away below and below that were basements deep in the earth. The outside of the house with its first-floor balcony, the broad shallow flight of steps leading to the dark green front door, the little steep flight running sharply down into the railed area seemed as far away as yesterday.

The little landing was a bright plateau, under the skylight, shut off by its brightness from the rest of the house, the rooms leading from it would be bright and flat and noisy with light compared with the rest of the house. From above came the tap-tap of a door swinging gently in a breeze and behind the sound was a soft faint continuous murmur. She ran up the short twisting flight of bare stairs into a blaze of light. Would her room be a bright suburban bedroom? Had it been a dull day when she first called? The skylight was blue and gold with light, its cracks threads of bright gold. Three little glaring yellow grained doors opened on to the small strip of uncovered dusty flooring; to the left the little box-loft, to the right the empty garret behind her own and in front of her her own door ajar; tapping in the breeze. The little brass

knob rattled loosely in her hand and the hinge ran up the scale to a high squeak as she pushed open the door and down again as it closed behind her neatly with a light wooden sound. The room was half dark shadow and half brilliant light.

2

She closed the door and stood just inside it looking at the room. It was smaller than her memory of it. When she had stood in the middle of the floor with Mrs. Bailey she had looked at nothing but Mrs. Bailey, waiting for the moment to ask about the rent. Coming upstairs she had felt the room was hers and barely glanced at it when Mrs. Bailey opened the door. From the moment of waiting on the stone steps outside the front door everything had opened to the movement of her impulse. She was surprised now at her familiarity with the detail of the room ... that idea of visiting places in dreams. It was something more than that ... all the real part of your life has a real dream in it; some of the real dream part of you coming true. You know in advance when you are really following your life. These things are familiar because reality is here. Coming events cast light. It is like dropping everything and walking backwards to something you know is there. However far you go out you come back.... I am back now where I was before I began trying to do things like other people. I left home to get here. None of those things can touch me here. They are mine....

... The room asserted its chilliness. But the dark yellow graining of the wall-paper was warm. It shone warmly in the stream of light pouring through the barred lattice window. In the further part of the room darkened by the steep slope of the roof it gleamed like stained wood. The window space was a little square wooden room, the long low double lattice breaking the roof, the ceiling and walls warmly reflecting its oblong of bright light. Close against the window was a firm little deal table covered with a thin brightly coloured printed cotton tablecloth. When Miriam drew her eyes from its confusion of rich fresh tones the bedroom seemed very dark. The bed drawn in under the slope showed an expanse of greyish white counterpane, the carpet was colourless in the gloom. She opened the door. Silence came in from the landing. The blue and gold had gone from the skylight. Its sharp grey light shone in over the dim colours of the threadbare carpet and on to the black bars of the little grate and the little strip of tarnished yellow grained mantelpiece, running along to the bedhead where a small globeless gas bracket stuck out at an angle over the head of the bed. The sight of her luggage piled up on the other side of the fireplace drew her forward into the dimness. There was a small chest of drawers battered and almost paintless but with two long drawers and two small ones and a white cover on which stood a little looking glass framed in polished pine ... and a small yellow wardrobe with a deep drawer under the hanging part and a



little drawer in the rickety little washstand and another above the dusty cupboard of the little mahogany sideboard. I'll paint the bright part of the ceiling; scrolls of leaves.... Shutting the quiet door she went into the brilliance of the window space. The outside world appeared; a long row of dormer windows and the square tops of the larger windows below them, the windows black or sheeny grey in the light, cut out against the dinginess of smoke grimed walls. The long strip of roof sloping back from the dormers was a pure even dark grey. She bent to see the sky, clear soft heavy grey, striped by the bars of her window. Behind the top rim of the iron framework of the bars was a discoloured roll of window blind. Then the bars must move.... Shifting the table she pressed close to the barred window. It smelt strongly of rust and dust. Outside she saw grey tiles sloping steeply from the window to a cemented gutter beyond which was a little stone parapet about two feet high. A soft wash of madder lay along the grey tiles. There must be an afterglow somewhere, just out of sight. Her hands went through the bars and lifted the little rod which held the lattice half open. The little square four paned frame swung free and flattened itself back against the fixed panes, out of reach, its bar sticking out over the leads. Drawing back grimed fingers and wrists striped with grime she grasped the iron bars and pulled. The heavy framework left the window frame with a rusty creak and the sound of paint peeling and cracking. It was very heavy but it came up and up until her arms were straight above her head and looking up she saw a stout iron ring in a little trap door in the wooden ceiling and a hook in the centre of the endmost bar in the iron framework.

Kneeling on the table to raise the frame once more and fix it to the ceiling she saw the whole length of the top row of windows across the way and wide strips of grimy stucco placed across the house fronts between the windows.

The framework of the freed window was cracked and blistered but the little square panes were clean. There were four little windows in the row, each with four square panes. The outmost windows were immovable. The one next to the open one had lost its bar, but a push set it free and it swung wide. She leaned out holding back from the dusty sill and met a soft fresh breeze streaming straight in from the west. The distant murmur of traffic changed into the clear plonk plonk and rumble of swift vehicles. Right and left at the far end of the vista were glimpses of bare trees. The cheeping of birds came faintly from the distant squares and clear and sharp from neighbouring roofs. To the left the trees were black against pure grey, to the right they stood spread and bunched in front of the distant buildings blocking the vista. Running across the rose-washed façade of the central mass she could just make out "Edwards's Family Hotel" in large black letters. That was the distant view of the courtyard of Euston Station.... In between that and the square of trees ran the Euston Road, by day and by night, her unsleeping guardian, the rim of the world beyond which lay the northern suburbs,

banished.

From a window somewhere down the street out of sight came the sound of an unaccompanied violin, clearly attacking and dropping and attacking a passage of half a dozen bars. The music stood serene and undisturbed in the air of the quiet street. The man was following the phrase, listening; strengthening and clearing it, completely undisturbed and unconscious of his surroundings. 'Good heavens' she breathed quietly, feeling the extremity of relief, passing some boundary, emerging strong and equipped in a clear medium.... She turned back into the twilight of the room. Twenty-one and only one room to hold the richly renewed consciousness, and a living to earn, but the self that was with her in the room was the untouched tireless self of her seventeenth year and all the earlier time. The familiar light moved within the twilight, the old light.... She might as well wash the grime from her wrists and hands. There was a scrap of soap in the soap dish, dry and cracked and seamed with dirt. The washstand rocked as she washed her hands; the toilet things did not match, the towel-horse held one small thin face towel and fell sideways against the wardrobe as she drew off the towel. When the gas was on she would be visible from the opposite dormer window. Short skimpy faded Madras muslin curtains screened a few inches of the endmost windows and were caught back and tied up with tape. She untied the tape and disengaged with the curtains a strong smell of dust. The curtains would cut off some of the light. She tied them firmly back and pulled at the edge of the rolled up blind. The blind streaked and mottled with ironmould came down in a stifling cloud of dust. She rolled it up again and washed once more. She must ask for a bath towel and do something about the blind, sponge it or something; that was all.

3

A light had come in the dormer on the other side of the street. It remained unscreened. Watching carefully she could see only a dim figure moving amongst motionless shapes. No need to trouble about the blind. London could come freely in day and night through the unscreened happy little panes; light and darkness and darkness and light.

\* \* \* \* \*

London, just outside all the time, coming in with the light, coming in with the darkness, always present in the depths of the air in the room.

4

The gas flared out into a wide bright flame. The dingy ceiling and counterpane turned white. The room was a square of bright light and had

a rich brown glow, shut brightly in by the straight square of level white ceiling and thrown up by the oblong that sloped down, white, at the side of the big bed almost to the floor. She left her things half unpacked about the floor and settled herself on the bed under the gas jet with the Voyage of the Beagle. Unpacking had been a distraction from the glory, very nice, getting things straight. But there was no \_need\_ to do anything or think about anything ... ever, here. No interruption, no one watching or speculating or treating one in some particular way that had to be met. Mrs. Bailey did not speculate. She knew, everything. Every evening here would have a glory, but not the same kind of glory. Reading would be more of a distraction than unpacking. She read a few lines. They had a fresh attractive \_meaning\_. Reading would be real. The dull adventures of the Beagle looked real, coming along through reality. She put the book on her knee and once more met the clear brown shock of her room.

5

The carpet is awful, faded and worn almost to bits. But it is right, in this room.... This is the furnished room; one room. I have come to it. "You could get a furnished room at about seven shillings rental." The awful feeling, no tennis, no dancing, no house to move in, no society. The relief at first when Bennett found those people ... maddening endless roads of little houses in the east wind ... their kind way of giving more than they had undertaken, and smiling and waiting for smiles and dying all the time in some dark way without knowing it. Filling the rooms and the piano and the fern on the serge table cloth and the broken soap dish in the bath room until it was impossible to read or think or play because of them, the feeling of them stronger and stronger till there was nothing but crying over the trays of meals and wanting to scream. The thought of the five turnings to the station, all into long little roads looking alike and making you forget which was which and lose your way, was still full of pain ... the \_relief\_ of moving to Granville Place still a relief, though it felt a mistake from the first. Mrs. Corrie's old teacher liking only certain sorts of people knew it was a mistake, with her peevish silky old face and her antique brooch. But it had been the beginning of London.... Bond Street that Sunday morning in the thick fog; these sudden pictures gleaming in a window, filmy ... von Hier. Adelina Compayne, hanging out silk stockings on the top balustrade. "I \_love\_ cawfy" ... that was the only real thing that had been said downstairs. There was no need to have been frightened of these two women in black silk evening dresses. None of these clever things were real. They said young Asquith is a really able man to hide their thoughts. The American Academy pupils talked together to keep everybody off, except when they made their clever jokes ... "if anyone takes that top bit there'll be murder Miss Spink." When they went out of the room they looked silly. The young man was real somewhere else.

The little man talking about the wonders of the linotype in the smoking room.... How did I get into the smoking room? Someone probably told Miss Spink I talked to him in the smoking room and smoked a cigarette. Perhaps his wife. If they could have seen. It was so surprising to hear anybody suddenly talking. Perhaps he began in the hall and ushered me into the smoking room. There was no one there and I can't remember anything about the linotype, only the quiet and the talking face and suddenly feeling in the heart of London. But it was soon after that they all began being stand-offish; before Mr. Chamberlayne came; before Adela began playing Esther Summerson at the Kennington. They approved of my going down to fetch her until he began coming too. The shock of seeing her clumsy heavy movements on the stage and her face looking as though it were covered with starch.... I can \_think\_ about it all, here, and not mind.

6

She \_was\_ beautiful. It was happiness to sit and watch her smoking so badly, in bed, in the strip of room, her cloud of hair against the wall in the candlelight, two o'clock ... the Jesuit who had taught her chess ... and Michael Somebody, the little book "The Purple Pillar." He was an \_author\_ and he wanted to marry her and take her back to Ireland. Perhaps by now she was back from America and had gone, just out of kindness. She was strong and beautiful and good, sitting up in her chemise, smoking.... I've got that photograph of her as Marcia somewhere. I must put it up. Miss Spink was surprised that last week, the students getting me into their room ... the dark clean shining piano, the azaleas and the muslin shaded lamp, the way they all sat in their evening dresses, lounging and stiff with stiff clean polished hair.... "Miss Dust here's going to be the highest soprano in the States." ... "None of that Miss Thicker." ... "When she caught that top note and the gold medal she went right up top, to stay there, that minute."

She was surprised when Mrs. Potter took me to hear Melba. I heard Melba. I don't remember hearing her. English opera houses are small; there are fine things all over the world. If you see them all you can compare one with the other; but then you don't see or hear anything at all. It seems strange to be American and at the same time stout and middle-aged. It would have got more and more difficult with all those people. The dreadful way the Americans got intimate and then talked or hinted openly everywhere about intimate things. No one knew how intimate Miss O'Veagh was. I shall remember. There is something about being Irish Roman Catholic that makes \_happiness\_. She did not seem to think the George Street room awful. She was \_surprised\_ when I talked about the hole in the wall and the cold and the imbecile servant and the smell of ether.

"We are brought up from the first to understand that we must never believe anything a man says." She \_came\_ and sat and talked and wrote after she had gone ... "goodbye--sweet blessed little rose of Mary" ... she tried to make me think I was young and pretty. She was sorry for me without saying so.

I should never have gone to Mornington Road unless I had been nearly mad with sorrow ... if Miss Thomas disapproved of germs and persons who let apartments why did she come and take a room at George Street? She must have seen she drove me nearly mad with sorrow. The thought of Wales full of Welsh people like her, makes one mad with sorrow.... Did she think I could get to know her by hearing all her complaints? She's somewhere now, sending someone mad.

I was mad already when I went to Mornington Road.

"You'll be all right with Mrs. Swanson" ... the awful fringes, the \_horror\_ of the ugly clean little room, the horror of Mrs. Swanson's heavy old body moving slowly about the house, a heavy dark mountain, fringes, bulges, slow dead eyes, slow dead voice, slow grimacing evil smile ... housekeeper to the Duke of Something and now moving slowly about heavy with disapproval. She thought of me as a business young lady.

7

Following advice is certain to be wrong. When you don't follow advice there may be awful things. But they are not arranged beforehand. And when they come you do not know that they are awful until you have half got hold of something else. Then they change into something that has not been awful. Things that remain awful are in some way not finished.... Those women are awful. They will get more and more awful, still disliking and disapproving till they die. I shall not see them again.... I will never again be at the mercy of such women or at all in the places where they are. That means keeping free of all groups. In groups sooner or later one of them appears, dead and sightless and bringing blindness and death ... although they seem to like brightness and children and the young people they approve of. I run away from them because I must. They kill me. The thought of their death is awful. Even in heaven no one could explain anything to them if they remain as they are. Wherever people advise you to go there is in the end one of those women....

8

When she turned out the gas the window spaces remained faintly alight with a soft light like moonlight. At the window she found a soft bluish

radiance cast up from below upon the opposite walls and windows. It went up into the clear blue darkness of the sky.

When she lay down the bed smelt faintly of dust. The air about her head under the sharply sloping ceiling was still a little warm with the gas. It was full of her untrammelled thoughts. Her luggage was lying about, quite near. She thought of washing in the morning in the bright light on the other side of the room ... leaves crowding all round the lattice and here and there a pink rose ... \_several pink roses\_ ... the lovely air chilling the water ... the basin quite up against the lattice ... dew splashing off the rose bushes in the little garden almost dark with trellises and trees, crowding with Harriett through the little damp stiff gate, the sudden linen smell of Harriett's pinafore and the thought of Harriett in it, feeling the same, sudden bright sunshine, two shouts, great cornfields going up and up with a little track between them ... up over Blewburton ... \_Whittenham Clumps\_. Before I saw Whittenham Clumps I had always known them. But we saw them before we knew they were called Whittenham Clumps. It was a surprise to know anybody who had seen them and that they had a name.

9

St. Pancras bells were clamouring in the room; rapid scales, beginning at the top, coming with a loud full thump on to the fourth note and finishing with a rush to the lowest which was hardly touched before the top note hung again in the air, sounding outdoors clean and clear while all the other notes still jangled together in her room. Nothing had changed. The night was like a moment added to the day; like years going backwards to the beginning; and in the brilliant sunshine the unchanging things began again, perfectly new. She leaped out of bed into the clamorous stillness and stood in the window rolling up the warm hair that felt like a shawl round her shoulders. A cup of tea and then the 'bus to Harriett's. A 'bus somewhere just out there beyond the morning stillness of the street. What an \_adventure\_ to go out and take a 'bus without having to face anybody. They were all out there, away somewhere, the very thought and sight of them, disapproving and deploring her surroundings. She listened. There they were. There were their very voices, coming plaintive and reproachful with a held-in indignation, intonations that she knew inside and out, coming on bells from somewhere beyond the squares--another church. She withdrew the coloured cover and set her spirit lamp on the inkstained table. Strong bright light was standing outside the window. The clamour of the bells had ceased. From far away down in the street a loud hoarse voice came thinly up. Referee--Lloyd's--Sunday Times--People--\_pypa\_.... A front door opened with a loud crackle of paint. The voice dropped to speaking tones that echoed clearly down the street and came up clear and soft and confidential. Referee? Lloyd's? The door closed with a large firm wooden

sound and the harsh voice went on down the street.

St. Pancras bells burst forth again. Faintly interwoven with their bright headlong scale were the clear sweet delicate contralto of the more distant bells playing very swiftly and reproachfully a five finger exercise in a minor key. That must be a very high-Anglican church; with light coming through painted windows on to carvings and decorations.

10

As she began on her solid slice of bread and butter St. Pancras bells stopped again. In the stillness she could hear the sound of her own munching. She stared at the surface of the table that held her plate and cup. It was like sitting up to the nursery table. "How frightfully happy I am," she thought with bent head. Happiness streamed along her arms and from her head. St. Pancras bells began playing a hymn tune in single firm beats with intervals between that left each note standing for a moment gently in the air. The first two lines were playing carefully through to the distant accompaniment of the rapid weaving and interweaving in a regular unbroken pattern of the five soft low contralto bells. The third line of the hymn ran through Miriam's head a ding-dong to and fro from tone to semitone. The bells played it out, without the semitone, with a perfect satisfying falsity. Miriam sat hunched against the table listening for the ascending stages of the last line. The bells climbed gently up, made a faint flat dab at the last top note, left it in the air askew above the decorous little tune and rushed away down their scale as if to cover the impropriety. They clamoured recklessly mingling with Miriam's shout of joy as they banged against the wooden walls of the window space.



## VIII. A FIGHT IN AN OLIVE ORCHARD

From: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The City Of The Discreet*, by Pío Baroja

Several days afterward, just at dawn, El Mojoso was returning from Cordova to his tavern, when, at a turn in the road, he came upon a small cavalcade made up of six men--five of whom were soldiers, and the other, an elegantly dressed young man.

El Mojoso, who had little liking for evil encounters, pricked up his beast in order to get into the paths ahead of the group, but the chief, who wore the insignia of a sergeant, when he noticed the innkeeper's intention, shouted to him:

"Hey, my good man, wait a moment!"

El Mojoso stopped his donkey.

"What do you want?" he asked ill-humouredly.

"We've got something to say to you."

"Well, I can't lose anything by listening to it."

"You are the owner of the Cross-roads Store, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir: what else do you want?"

"Why, just don't go so fast, friend, we feel like going along with you."

"Are you going to Pozo Blanco?"

"No, sir."

"To Obejo, perhaps?"

"No. We're going to the Store."

"To the Store!" exclaimed El Mojoso, overcome with astonishment. "Whom are you looking for in my house?"

"We're looking for the Marquesito."

"The Marquesito? What Marquesito?"

"Don't you know him?"

"Upon my word I do not! I hope to die if I'm not telling you the truth."

"Well, it seems that your daughter knows him very well," replied the soldier meaningly.

El Mojoso's face darkened, not that it had ever been exactly light, and looking back at the sergeant, he murmured in a dull voice:

"You've either said too much or too little."

"I've said all that was necessary," answered the soldier gruffly.

El Mojoso fell silent and urged on his donkey, while the soldiers and the unknown young gentleman followed him.



The sun came out from behind the mountain; in the distance they could see a series of low-lying hills and the Cross-roads Store in its little green clearing near the ravine.

When they reached the Store, El Mojoso dismounted from his donkey and began to pound furiously upon the door. He beat frantically with hands and feet.

“Open! Open!” he shouted impatiently.

“Who is it?” came from within.

“Me,” and El Mojoso ripped out a string of angry oaths.

A lock screeched, the door opened, and La Temeraria appeared half-dressed on the threshold.

“Why didn’t you open sooner?” El Mojoso vociferated.

“What’s the matter?” she asked as she drew a short skirt over head and fastened it rapidly about her waist.

“A whole lot’s the matter. Are there any travellers in the house?”

“The young man who was here a few days ago passed the night here.”

The unknown gentleman and the chief of the soldiers exchanged a look of understanding. El Mojoso entered his house, and La Temeraria followed behind him.

“Go and see if there is a horse in the stable,” said the sergeant to one of his men, “and if there is, bring it here.”

The soldier dismounted, went into the stable, and returned after a little, leading a horse by the bridle.

La Temeraria, who had heard the noise, intercepted the soldier.

“Where are you taking that horse?” she asked.

“The sergeant ordered me to bring him out.”

“What for?”

“So the man who is here can’t escape.”

“What has the young man done?” asked La Temeraria, looking

contemptuously at the soldier.

“He killed a man in Cordova about a month ago.”

At this moment, the innkeeper, who had been inside the house, returned shouting to the vestibule.

“Where is Fuensanta?” he asked his wife.

“She must be in her room.”

“She isn’t there.”

“Not there?”

“No. I just looked.”

El Mojoso and La Temeraria looked at each other furiously and understandingly.

Meanwhile the sergeant, followed by one of his soldiers, went up the stairs to the garret. When the fugitive heard the noise their boots and spurs made, he must have realized his danger, for they heard the thud of a body as he threw himself against the door, then the turning of a key in the lock, and then a murmur of voices.

The sergeant drew his sword, went up to the door behind which he had heard the voices, and knocked with the hilt of his weapon.

“Open in the name of the law!” he shouted in a thundrous voice.

“Wait a moment, I’m dressing,” came the answer from within.

After a minute had elapsed, the sergeant exclaimed impatiently:

“Come, come! Open the door!”

“Wait just a second.”

“I won’t wait a minute longer. Open: I promise not to hurt you.”

“Words are air, and the wind carries them all away,” replied the fugitive ironically.

“Will you open, or will you not?”

“I will not; and he who contradicts me is in danger of his life. You’ll have to kill me here.”

At the risk of breaking his neck, the sergeant ran down the stairs three steps at a time, and addressing his soldiers, said:

“Boys, come upstairs with your guns. We’ve got to break down the door. One of you stay here on guard, and if any one tries to escape, fire on him.”

Two of the men dismounted rapidly, crossed the vestibule, and, preceded by the sergeant, rushed headlong upstairs, reached the garret, and began to beat upon the door with the butts of their heavy guns.

“Surrender!” shouted the sergeant again and again.

No one answered.

“Quick now! Throw down the door.”

The door was new and did not yield to the first blows, but little by little the panels gave way, and at last, a formidable blow with the butt broke the lock....

The soldiers entered:--stretched upon the floor lay a half-dressed woman. The window was open.

“The scoundrel escaped through that,” said one of the men.

“My God! We can’t let him escape,” shouted the sergeant, and sticking his head through the window, he saw a man running across a field half hidden among the olive trees. Without making sure whether it was the man they were after or not, he drew a pistol from his belt and fired.

“No--he’s gone. We’ve got to catch him.”

They all left the room; there came a devilish noise of boots and spurs on the stairs, and they crossed the vestibule.

“To your horses,” said the sergeant.

The order was obeyed instantly.

“You, Aragonés, and you, Segura, get behind that hay-stack,” and the chief indicated a great pile of black straw. “You two, ride around that field, and this gentleman and I will go and look for the Marquesito face to face.”

The two pairs of troopers took their appointed places, and the sergeant and the unknown gentleman advanced through the middle of the olive

orchard.

Aragonés and Segura were the first to see the fugitive, who was running along hiding behind the olive trees, with a gun in his hand. The two soldiers cocked their guns and advanced cautiously; but the youth saw them, stopped and waited for them, kneeling upon one knee. The soldiers attempted to make a detour in order to get near their game, but as they described an arc, the youth kept the trunk of an olive tree between him and them. Seeing that he was making sport of them, the soldiers advanced resolutely. The Marquesito aimed his gun and fired, and one of the horses, that of Aragonés, fell wounded in the shoulder, throwing his rider. Segura, the other soldier, made his horse rear, in order to guard against a shot, but the Marquesito fired a pistol with such good aim, that the man fell to the ground with blood pouring from his mouth.

Then the youth, realizing that the other pursuers would immediately come to the spot where they had heard the shots, ran until he came to a century-old olive tree with a great, deformed trunk whose gnarled roots resembled a tangled mass of snakes. He took advantage of the respite to load his gun and pistol. Then he waited. Presently a shot was fired behind him, and he felt a bullet enter his leg. He turned rapidly and saw the sergeant and the gentleman approaching on horseback.

“My death will cost you dear,” murmured the Marquesito angrily.

“Surrender!” shouted the sergeant, and approached the fugitive at a trot.

The Marquesito waited, and when the sergeant was twenty paces from him, he fired his gun and pierced him with a bullet.

“Hey, boys!” shouted the sergeant. “Here he is. Kill him!” Then he put his hand to his breast, began to bleed at the mouth, and fell from his horse murmuring, “Jesus! He’s killed me!”

One of the sergeant’s feet caught in the stirrup, and the horse, becoming frightened, dragged his rider’s body for some distance over the ground.

“Now it’s your turn, coward!” shouted the Marquesito, addressing the gentleman.

But that person had turned on his croup and couldn’t get away fast enough.

The youth began to think that he was safe: the blood was flowing copiously from his wound, so he took the handkerchief from about his neck and bound his leg firmly with it. Next, he reloaded his weapons,

and limping slowly, sheltering himself behind the olive trees and glancing from side to side, he advanced.

When he had reached a little plaza formed by a space that was bare of trees, he saw one of the soldiers in ambush. Perhaps it was the last one.

When they saw each other, pursuer and pursued immediately took refuge behind the trees. The soldier fired; a ball whistled by the Marquesito's head; then he rested his gun against a tree trunk, fired, and the soldier's helmet fell to the ground.

They both concealed themselves while they reloaded their weapons, and for more than a quarter of an hour, they kept shooting at each other, neither of them making up his mind to come out into the open.

The Marquesito was beginning to feel faint from the loss of blood; so he decided to risk all for all.

"Let's see if we can't finish this business," he murmured between his clenched teeth; and he advanced, limping resolutely toward the soldier. After a few steps he discharged his gun point blank, and immediately after, his pistol.

When he saw that his enemy had not fallen, that he was still standing, he tried to escape, but his strength failed him. Then the soldier took aim and fired. The Marquesito fell headlong ... he was dead. The ball had struck him in the back of the neck and had come out through one of his eyes, shattering his skull.

"He was a brave chap," murmured the soldier as he gazed at the corpse; then he kneeled by his side and searched his clothes. He wrapped his watch and chain, his shirt studs, and his money, in a handkerchief, tied it in a knot, and made his way back to the tavern.

As he drew near, he heard a voice wailing in despair:

"Oh, mother! Oh, mother! Oh, my dearest mother!"

In the clearing before the house was Fuensanta, half-undressed, livid, with her face black and blue from the beating her father had given her. The girl was moaning upon the ground, terror-stricken. La Temeraria, with her arms lifted tragically, was shouting:

"She has dishonoured us! She has dishonoured us!"

The innkeeper's other daughter stood in the doorway, watching her sister as she dragged herself along the ground, exhausted by her beating.

"Don't beat the girl like that," said the soldier.

"Don't beat her!" shouted El Mojoso. "No, I won't beat her any more," and seizing his daughter by the arm he pushed her brutally from him, shouting:

"Go ... and never come back!"

The bewildered girl hid her face in her hands, and then the poor little thing began to walk away, weeping, and not knowing what she was doing, nor where she was going.

Months later, a woman from an Obejo mill came to El Mojoso and announced that Fuensanta had given birth to a son, and that she desired to be forgiven and to return home; but the innkeeper said that he would kill her if she ever came near him.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The scoundrel! The bandit!" exclaimed Quentin, striking the table a blow with his fist.

"Who is a scoundrel?" asked Señor Sabadía in surprise.

"That Mojoso fellow, the dirty thief ... his daughter dishonoured him because she loved a man, yet he did not dishonour himself, though he robbed every one that came along."

"That's different."

"Yes, it's different," cried Quentin furiously. "To the hidalgos of Spain it is a different matter; to all those commonplace and thoughtless men, a woman's honour is beneath contempt. Imbeciles!"

"I see that you are enraged," said Don Gil with a smile. "Does the story interest you?"

"Very much."

"Shall I proceed?"

"Please do."

"Then kindly call Señora Patrocinio and ask her to bring more bottles of wine, for my throat is very dry."

"But you are a regular cask, my dear Don Gil."

"Yes I'm the Cask of the Danaides. Call her, please."

"Señora Patrocinio! Señora Patrocinio!" called Quentin.

"Isn't she coming?"

"No. She is probably busy with her witchcraft. Perhaps this very minute she is burning in her magic fire the sycamore torn from the sepulchre."

"Or the funereal cypress, and the feathers and eggs of a red owl soaked in toad's blood," added Don Gil.

"Or the poisonous herbs which grew in such abundance in Iolchos, and in far-off Iberia," continued Quentin.

"Or the bones torn from the mouth of a hungry bitch," added the archæologist.

"Señora Patrocinio! Señora Canidia!" shouted Quentin.

"Señora Patrocinio! Señora Canidia!" echoed Señor Sabadía.

"What do you want?" asked the old woman as she suddenly entered the room.

"Ah! She was here!" exclaimed Quentin.

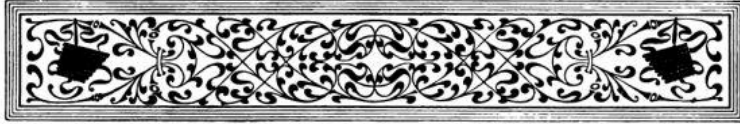
"She was here!" echoed Señor Sabadía. "We want some more bottles."

"What kind do you want?"

"I believe, venerable dame," Quentin ejaculated, "that it is all the same to my friend here, whether it be wine from the vines of Falernus, Phormio, or Cécube, as long as it is wine. Is that not true, Don Gil?"

"Of course. I see that you are a sagacious young man. Bring them, old woman," said the archæologist, turning to Señora Patrocinio, "bring fearlessly forth that excellent wine that you have guarded so jealously these four years in the Sabine pitchers."

The old woman brought the bottles, Quentin filled Don Gil's glass and then his own, they emptied them both, and Señor Sabadía went on with his story in these words:.....



## V. A NEW WAY OF BREAKING INTO THE MOVIES

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Bobby in Movieland*, by Francis Finn

Your true cloister of to-day is a moving-picture studio. The sign "No Admittance," or some wording of similar meaning, greets the stranger at every door. There is, too, at each entry a dragon on guard, sometimes in the guise of a gracious but firm young woman, sometimes, it may be, in that of a forbidding old man; but no matter how various be the form of these dragons, they are there to see that you don't go in. To enter without the Open Sesame incurs an excommunication seldom incurred, for the reason that the dragons are always on duty.

As John Compton, holding the hand of Bobby, made to enter the sacred precincts of the Lantry Studio at the entryway provided for the actors, the man on guard cast a severe and forbidding look at the youth.

"You know my orders," he grumbled, still gazing at Bobby while addressing Compton.

"Sure I do. But this boy is an aunt of mine—er—that is, an uncle. Oh, dash it! what am I talking about? He's my little nephew, Bobby Compton."

"Why don't you get it right?" observed a bright young lady, one of the "stars," as she passed through the sacred gate. "Don't you think, on second thought, Mr. Compton, that he's your grandfather? He looks more like that than an aunt of yours."

The surly keeper of the gate perceived the joke. It was on record that he had seen through a joke on three distinct occasions during his two years of guardianship. To-day he scored for the fourth time. Bobby as an aunt was really funny. But as a grandfather! The keeper dropped his pipe and lost his scowl, and holding up both hands, palms outward, roared with laughter. He was still in the throes of his mammoth mirth when Compton pushed through the stile—I know no better word for it—and drew Bobby after him. The cloister was violated.

Now, Bobby had by this time wearied of holding Compton's hand. Moreover he had noticed a certain peculiarity in Compton's walk which he desired to study to better advantage. So, loosening his hold, and saying, "I'll follow you," he dropped behind his newly-discovered uncle.

Mr. Compton, dressed for his part in the rehearsal, wore a nondescript jacket and a vest of startling color. Into the armholes of this vest his



thumbs were thrust, the free fingers of his hand extended and waving in unison at each step. Bobby had already studied this peculiarity. Now he was to study the secret of Compton's strides. They were, to begin with, notably long strides. But most striking of all was the part his feet played. The right foot at each step was turned in, the left out. In justice to Mr. Compton, this was not his proper gait. He was practicing for his part. Bobby, however, liked it. In fact, he liked anything connected with John Compton, and because John Compton did it Bobby saw nothing funny in it at all. It was easy for Bobby to insert his real thumbs into imaginary armholes and to wiggle his fingers with each step. It was not so easy, by reason of the shortness of his legs, for Bobby to catch his uncle's stride. But he thought it worth while, and he did it. Then Bobby, with surprisingly little difficulty, got his feet to working as though one were going in one direction and the other in another; and so serenely moved on the procession of two, a spectacle for angels and Miss Bernadette Vivian, the young star who had brought to life once more the gate-keeper's sense of humor.

It was Bernadette's turn to laugh.

"Look," she cried to a busy and jaded-looking official, who was hurrying past her with a sheaf of papers in his hands and a lead pencil in his mouth. "Set your eyes on that boy. That's Compton's aunt or grandfather—he's not quite clear which—and of the two, I think, with all respect to Compton, the aunt is the better comedian."

The official looked and grinned.

"Maybe you're right," he observed, removing the pencil from his mouth. "You're working with Compton. Keep your eye on the kid. We may need him if he's not engaged already."

"Come on here, Bobby; you take my hand," said Compton, turning sharply and detecting his understudy in action. Another man might have been annoyed, Compton was tickled beyond measure.

Threading their way through a maze of sets and scenery, among which busy men—carpenters, electricians, secretaries and what not—were winding in what appeared to be inextricable confusion, they finally arrived at a set arranged to represent the lobby of a hotel.

To the left was a cigar counter, and beyond it an exit, or, possibly, an entryway to some other part of the hotel. The rest, save for a bellhop's bench, was space. Seated or lounging about were several actors; among them a young lady dressed as a salesgirl; a boy of about Bobby's size, though evidently several years older, gay in the buttons and livery of a bellhop; a young man in society clothes; and finally a young woman who was evidently a lady.

Hurrying from one to the other of these and speaking quickly certain instructions, was a young man whose intense face expressed infinite patience and strong, though jaded, energy. He was tired—had been tired for six months—but had no time to diagnose the symptoms. This was the stage director, Mr. Joseph Heneman.

“Halloa, John! Glad you’ve come. Everything’s set, and we’re going to move like a house afire. Who’s that fine little boy with you?”

“I’m his aunt,” said Bobby seriously.

Heneman nearly exploded on the spot.

“You young screech-owl!” said Compton, turning a severe face, though his eyes twinkled, upon Bobby. “Who taught you how to lie?”

“You said I was your aunt,” countered Bobby.

“Your uncle—nephew, I mean. This young monkey,” he went on, addressing the manager, the vision of Bobby’s latest mimicry still vivid in his memory, “is my nephew, Bobby Compton.”

“Why, I didn’t know you had a nephew,” said Heneman, still laughing. As he spoke he shook hands with the interesting youth.

“Neither did I till a while ago,” chuckled Compton. “Fact is I adopted him and christened him on the way in. It’s a long story, but he’s in my charge now. He’ll sit still and watch us working. Won’t you, Bobby?”

“I’ll watch you working all right,” said Compton’s new relation. Bobby had no intention of sitting still.

“Halloa, aunty!” said Bernadette, suddenly appearing on the scene, and smiling at Bobby, showing in the act a perfect and shining set of teeth.

“How do you do?” returned Bobby, bowing gravely. “You’ve got it wrong, though. He’s my uncle. He says so himself, and he ought to know.”

Before the rehearsal began every one there heard the story from the fair lady’s cupid-painted lips of the circumstances connected with Bobby’s admission into the Lantry cloister. The story filled with joy all the listeners save one. The bellhop did not even smile. The fact is, the bellhop, yielding to a long-fought temptation, had obtained a quid of tobacco from a stage carpenter, had indulged in his first and probably his last chew, and was just now filled with feelings of wild regret and a desire to lie down in some obscure spot and die.

As a result of Bernadette's story every one, excepting of course the unhappy bellhop, was in a state of almost hilarious good humor when the rehearsal was called; in such humor that even when the star halted everything for several minutes by insisting that one of her shoes was improperly laced—though to the naked eye there was nothing out of order—and having her attendant do it all over again, no one grumbled.

Mr. Heneman had counted on going on with the rehearsal "like a house afire." He had reckoned without his host, and the host was the bellhop.

Before going further it may be well to observe that a picture in the making is far from resembling a picture in the viewing. The former is a very slow process. It may require a whole day to produce what one sees on the screen in three or four seconds. Before the camera men "shoot" there may be a dozen or more rehearsals; and the shooting may be repeated seven or eight times.

"Ready!" cried Mr. Heneman. "Positions!"

At the word the salesgirl got behind the cigar counter and, to make everybody understand that she was only a salesgirl, proceeded to chew gum violently. In real life saleswomen sometimes do chew gum; but it is rare to discover one who makes it an almost violent physical exercise. Standing to the right of the saleslady—in the lobby—the young man in the dresscoat, facing the young lady with not enough clothes on her back to make a bookmark, began offering such original remarks as the state of the weather generally evokes. Back of them all, in an alcove near the exit, sat the bellhop, gloom and desolation upon his face.

"Here, you! Don't stand so the lady can't be seen. Let the lady turn a little to the right. That's it. Go on and talk, both of you, and smile as if you were each saying awfully witty things. Bellhop, hold up your head! You look like a drowned rat. Look tough; you're looking dismal." Here the director paused, and while the camera men were placing their machines in position, and their assistants were arranging reflectors, and an electrician, perched on high above the shooting line, arranged a powerful light over the head of the salesgirl, he went over to the bellhop, showed him how to sit, how to hold his hands, cross his legs and drop one corner of his mouth. There was some improvement.

"Now, once more!" ordered the director. "Positions! Smile, you two. Talk, talk! Don't overdo that chewing-gum stuff. Give a yawn, bellhop. Good! Now come on, Compton."

From off scene to the right enters Compton. He is befuddled with liquor, and on his face is an expression of utmost stupidity. It is doubtful, indeed, if any live human being could be as stupid as he looked. In his right hand he is balancing a cane with a crook. His walk is a marvel of

indecision. He hasn't the least idea, apparently, as to whither he is going.

Bobby, just back of the director, is watching all this with breathless interest. Previous to Compton's entrance he had assumed the attitude and pose of the "lady," arms akimbo, head thrown back and a full smile. Upon Compton's appearance Bobby could at first hardly restrain the exuberance of his delight. The highest admiration often expresses itself in imitation. To the amazement and amusement of several actors stationed behind him, the lad with scarcely an effort threw his features into a close replica of Compton's.

"He's as good a nut as Compton," observed an old actor to a companion.

"I'll say so!" rejoined the other.

Compton almost jostled the young lady in his onward progress. As it was, the crook of his cane caught upon her elbow and hung there. Without his cane, Compton showed a dim consciousness of feeling that something was wrong. He felt his clothes, his pockets, his face, and then looking for the nonce dimly intelligent, turned around, removed the cane from its improvised hook, raised his hat, dropped it, stooped to get the cane, picked it up, reached for his hat, dropped the cane, and so on. It was simple fun, but made worth while by the manner of the actor. Bobby by this time had a stick and a hat, and without knowing it was giving a capital performance for the exclusive benefit of sixteen actors and several outsiders.

"Hey, salesgirl!" ordered Heneman, "call the bellhop, and tell him to request with all possible politeness the gentleman in liquor to leave the premises."

The bellhop came at her call, received her message, and strode towards Compton.

"Get back there and do it again!" bawled the director. "You walk as though you were going to church or to your grandmother's funeral. Turn your shoulders in, drop your mouth, swing your arms. Just imagine you're going to lick somebody."

The bellhop tried again, with no sign of improvement. Again and again he failed. No moving-picture actor in that studio, it is probable, ever received such minute directions. But they were all lost on him. However, they were not lost on Bobby. Utterly unconscious of the attention he was exciting, Bobby was following out to the letter every hint coming from Heneman's mouth.

Among the spectators was a wag. The parts he always figured in were

tragic or romantic roles, but in real life he was the most notorious practical joker in the Lantry Studio.

"See here, Johnny," he said, whispering into the boy's ear. "Would you like to do an act of kindness?"

"Sure," said Bobby.

"I've been watching you for some time. You know how that bellhop should do his part. Go and show him. It's no use telling him how. He doesn't understand. But you just go and show him."

"Will it be all right?" asked Bobby.

"An act of kindness is always right," answered the wag, with tragic solemnity. "Look; he's starting now, and he's worse than ever. Don't tell any one I suggested your showing him. Keep it a dead secret. Now, go to it."

In perfect good faith Bobby stepped forward, passed the director, saying as he went, "Excuse me, sir," and ignoring Compton and the "lady" and "gentleman," strode over to the bellhop. All this, happening though it did in a few seconds, produced an unheard-of effect. The saleslady stopped chewing, the lady and gentleman ceased smiling, Compton looked surprised and intelligent, the director let his jaw drop, and the audience, now swollen to double its size, pressed forward to the cameras. The bellhop himself put on a human expression of inquiry. As Bobby came face to face with the victim every one on the stage seemed to be momentarily paralyzed.

"You poor fish," said Bob, kindness and energy ringing in his accents, "just let me show you. It's so easy!"

The bellhop sank back into his seat.

"Now look," continued Bobby. The left-hand corner of his mouth sagged, his shoulders bent in, and with a walk and a swerve redolent of the old Bowery, Bobby advanced towards Compton, whose eyes were protruding.

"You boob!" announced Bobby. "You are politely requested to make a noise like a train and rattle out of here. Get me?" And as Bobby, not in the way of kindness, laid his hand on Compton, cheers and laughter and hand-clapping disturbed scandalously the quiet of the Lantry cloister.

Bobby, nothing disconcerted, bowed, laying his hand over his heart, and smiled affably. But when the star, Bernadette, came running over, her face beaming with delight, and exclaimed, "Aunty, I'm going to kiss you for that," he blanched and fled to Compton's arms.

There was a pause and a deliberation. Compton and the manager conferred together for five minutes. The result of their talk was that Bobby was hired on the spot and the victim of tobacco given a vacation till further notice.

Thus did Bobby Vernon “break into the movies.”



## BEST BETS OF A BACHELOR

by Dixie Hines

Project Gutenberg's *Pleiades Club Year Book 1910*, by The N.Y. Pleiades Club

Beauty is only paint-deep at times.

Only the brave can handle the fair.

A pretty girl envies but one girl—a prettier one.

Many a poor husband is created from a rich man.

While there is an engagement there's hope—of liberty.

Men can persuade a woman to do anything she wants to.

Men can be classified; women cannot even be pacified.

A woman's idea of happiness is to be ideally miserable.

A woman will break a heart as readily as she will crack a smile.

No married man ever was a fool without being told of the fact.

The grass widow is not alone in making hay while the sun shines.

A bachelor is a man who has given serious thought to matrimony.

Bachelors form their opinion of marriage by experience—of others.

There is nothing new under the sun except hat styles for women.

Every girl would love to be a thing of beauty and a boy forever.

When a woman proves equal to all a man expects she is a sur-prize.

It isn't nearly so hard to be a fool over a widow as not to be one.

Every woman secretly admires the wisdom of the man who flatters her.

A woman may conceal her faults, but a décolleté gown is less deceptive.

The blush of a bashful girl is a flush that takes any hand—and heart.

"The cup of happiness" with men of experience has a siphon on the side.

Every woman has a horror of old age, but not so much as of young death.

Women are never satisfied. First they want a voter and then they want a vote.

Some men are born to trouble, while others merely achieve it by marriage.

There is but one kind of love, yet every woman has a different idea about it.

Men, manners and morals change, but woman, never—from the changeable.

Every woman expects a man to think for her, and then she reverses his opinion.

When it comes to singing the praises of another, most women have a sore throat.

Man's principal safeguard against matrimony is that widows are made, not born.

Many a promising housekeeping career has been ruined in an unpromising stage career.

Men have found many antidotes for a woman, but the surest of all is another woman.

A woman spends one-half of her time telling lies for men and the other half to them.

Women often know a man is in love with them when the man never

discovers the fact.

Men often find it necessary to choose between the inconstant and the unattractive woman.

A woman keeps a man running all the time—first it is after her and then it is from her.

If women did not know that men could overcome their resistance they would seldom resist.

There are two ways in which a woman may win a man: Her own brilliancy and his inanity.

When a man is at the feet of woman it is pretty sure that another woman threw him there.

Every woman wants a man to be real devilish before marriage and real angelic afterwards.

Anyhow, there was one woman who was never jealous. Adam didn't have troubles about that.

A woman imagines she can cover up her imperfections by pointing out those of other women.

Some men are born wise, some achieve wisdom by experience, and some just don't marry.

Two kinds of women make trouble in the world—those that are married and those that are not.

There is but one class of women who are not interested in the fashions and they are the dead ones.

The philosopher said a woman could not argue—he was too wise to say that she could not talk.

The reason so many men find marriage unattractive is because life was so attractive before marriage.

It isn't a hard matter for a woman to make a man love her. The difficulty is in making him keep it up.

A woman can make up two things at the same time—her face and her mind; but her face lasts longer.

The world has no sympathy to waste on those reckless enough to wed



when both have been married before.

If a man does not tell a woman he loves her she thinks him impossible; if he does, he knows himself foolish.

When a woman says that all she wants is what she deserves she really means she deserves all she wants.

When a girl reaches that uncertain age and is yet unmarried, she is often worse than she paints herself.

Sometimes there is more truth than sentiment when a man tells a woman a thing is as plain as the nose on her face.

No one has ever yet discovered why a woman is afraid of a mouse and tackles a six-foot man with confidence.

A woman will start a flirtation in fun and then wonder why a man won't follow her when she gets serious.

If a man wants to make a fool of himself he can find many opportunities, but the surest way is over a woman.

Men and women both agree that it is inadvisable to live without each other and impossible to live with each other.

Whether a married man pities or envies his bachelor friends depends entirely upon how long he has been married.

If a man really wants to start something with himself, let him try to love a woman just as a woman wants to be loved.

The best way to find out what a girl who is in love with a man thinks of woman suffrage is to find out what he thinks.

A man may escape the measles, or automobiles, or even being indicted, but no man has ever been known to escape a widow.

No woman ever told a man she hated him without meaning it; some women have told men they loved them and meant it.

Rather than a man should be right and belong to another woman, a woman would have him wrong and belong to her.

The reason widows are so attractive to men is because they will allow themselves to be taught things they already know too well.

A girl will gaze for three hours and a half at the moon and then

wonder why she hasn't time to sew a button on her brother's vest.

The happiest man is he who will take a woman's protestations like he does a dose of medicine—with celestial faith in the giver.

When a woman fails to see an opportunity to be generous to another woman it is not necessarily a sign of defective eye-sight.

Don't misunderstand a man when he tells a woman she is sweet enough to eat—maybe he is thinking of the forthcoming restaurant-check.

Between the ages of sixteen and thirty a woman is a general practitioner in the field of love; after that she is satisfied to become a specialist.

A man is willing to worship at the shrine of a woman with whom he is in love until he meets another woman—then he changes his religion.

The question will never be settled between women as to which will win a man quicker, a pair of silk stockings or an ability to bake a good cake.

If ever the fact that there are no marriages in Heaven is generally believed by women, half of the preachers will be obliged to seek other employment.

If a woman were obliged to express a preference, she would choose the man who pleases but does not love, to the man who loves but does not please, her.

Women are said to be more "clean-minded" than men. Men might meet feminine competition if they resorted to the stratagem of changing their minds as often.

The greatest disappointment after marriage comes to a man when he realizes that his wife does not look like the models in the shop windows during a white-goods sale.

A man can protect himself from the things said about him by the women who don't love him. It's the things said about him by the woman who does love him that keep him worried.

Women, says a sage, are like books: No man can judge the inside by what is displayed on the outside. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways. Women are unlike books: When one has finished with a book it can be closed up.



## CONCERNING THE TROUSER-CREASE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Neither Here Nor There*, by Oliver Herford

It may perchance be questioned how long Britannia shall continue to rule the waves, but that she will ever cease to rule the fashions (the male fashions, I mean) is beyond the dreams of the boldest tailor or the maddest hatter.

Nevertheless, every rule has its exception and the Rule of Fashion is no exception to the rule that rules that every rule has its exception.

Every once in a while, since the invention of trousers, one or another English King has ruled that the human trouser-crease shall crown the Eastern and Western slope instead of the Northern and Southern exposure of the trouser-leg.

The law has never been considered by Parliament, for even the most radical House of Commons would balk at legislation so subversive of individual freedom, but by word of mouth, by courier, by post, by cable, by wireless, by airplane the edict has passed through all the nations and all the tribes to the trousermost ends of the earth.

And with what result?

With no result whatever. As far as it has been possible to push inquiry, it is safe to say that no trouserian biped bearing the mark of a lateral crease has been met with in any quarter of the Globe, or, for that matter, ever will be.

Strange, is it not, that the Tailors (proverbially the most complacent, not to say timid, of men) should, without any plan or program or fuss or demonstration of any sort, unite as one man—or rather one tailor—and refuse to obey the unlimited monarch of the male fashions of the civilized world. What is the explanation?

There are two explanations. One is Commercialism.

There is no profit to be made out of a change in the geography of a trouser-crease. It is purely a matter of self-determination on the part of the inhabitant of the trousers.

If there were no more financial profit to be gained by the remaking of the creases in the map of Europe than is to be got out of changing the

trouser-crease, there would be no call for a League of Nations.

Should some inventive tailor (\_inventive tailor!\_) devise a crease that could be woven into the very being of the Trouser, then it would be a very different matter. The slightest variation in the location of the crease would cause an upheaval in the (I'm tired of the word Trouser)—in the "Pant" market that would mean millions of dollars to the trade.

As it is there is no money in it.

The other explanation is that the story of King Edward or King George creasing the Royal Pants in any but the usual place is made out of whole cloth.

But let us suppose for a moment (just for the fun of the thing) that in some possible scheme or caprice of creation there \_were\_ such a thing as an inventive tailor.

And the inventive tailor invented a permanent trouser-crease and planted it on the Eastern and Western frontiers of the trouser-legs.

What would be the probable effect of the innovation on the trouser-bearing species of the human race?

In that process of advancing alternate trouser-legs we call locomotion do we not consciously, or unconsciously, follow in the direction indicated by the point of the crease?

What then would happen if the crease were transferred from the front to the sides?

The Crab alone of all living creatures exhibits in its legs a formation that corresponds to the human trouser-crease.

This ridge-like formation or crease occurs in the \_side\_ of the Crab's legs, not in the front as in the human species!

And the slogan of the Crab (as everyone knows) is, "First make sure you're right \_and then go sideways\_."

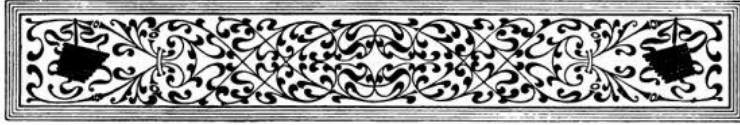
Shall we too go sideways?

\* \* \* \* \*

Charlie Chaplin is the only human creature whose feet go East and West as his face travels North and his trouser-creases are so complicated it would be difficult to classify them.

Perhaps they hold the secret of his centrifugal orientation, his inexplicable fascination.

Who knows!



## THE WAYS OF THE CONQUERORS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *De Soto, Coronado, Cabrillo*, by David Lavender

An estimated 3,000 battles wracked the Iberian Peninsula between AD 711, when Moors from Africa invaded what became Spain, and 1492, when they were finally expelled. Nor were battles against the Moors the only ones. The Christian leaders of the peninsula's several principalities fought each other and their recalcitrant nobles in a constant quest for power, until finally Ferdinand and Isabella welded together, by marriage, all the units except Portugal.

Centralization of power in the hands of national governments was one of the characteristics that marked the slow emergence in Europe of what history calls the modern world. The reasons are manifold. A central government supported by a rising middle class of merchants and bankers was able to create big armies of professional soldiers and equip them with newly introduced gunpowder, a capability quite beyond the reach of the old feudal nobles. Concurrently, the new governments consolidated economic power, partly through nationwide taxation. New industries were encouraged. Feelings of nationalism swelled; people took pride in considering themselves Spaniards rather than just Castillians.

International trade assumed new importance, especially trade with the Orient, whose extraordinary wealth had been revealed by the adventures of the Venetian family of Polo as recounted by Marco, the youngest of the group. Land caravans to the fabled East were difficult, however, and limited by interruptions and tributes imposed by Moslem middlemen. So why not travel to the Orient by water, either by circling the southern tip of Africa or sailing due west across the Atlantic?

The most logical place in Europe for starting the endeavor was the Iberian Peninsula, which dipped down toward Africa and all but closed off the western end of the Mediterranean Sea. The exploration of Africa was launched during the middle of the 15th century by Prince Henry the Navigator of tiny Portugal. His success and that of the Portuguese rulers who followed him was so astounding that Ferdinand and Isabella at last agreed to support Columbus in a competitive transatlantic attempt. The point is vital. Spain's feudal nobles probably could not have

financed the expedition; the central government of newly unified Spain did.

[Illustration: Prince Henry of Portugal (1394-1460). His attempts at reaching the Indies by outflanking Africa earned for him the title of Navigator, though he himself never went on exploring voyages. His headquarter at Sagres on the western-most promontory of Portugal was a gathering place for cosmographers, astronomers, chartmakers, and ship-builders. Their work inaugurated in the 15th century the great age of discovery that Spain continued in the next century.]

Columbus took the risk because he believed, as had the ancient Greeks, that the circumference of the world was much smaller than it actually was. He also believed, as had Marco Polo, that Asia extended farther east than it does. When he found land at approximately the longitude that he expected to, he assumed joyfully that he was close to Cathay (China) and the islands of India. From that misapprehension comes, of course, the name West Indies for the islands of the Caribbean and Indians for their inhabitants, a term that quickly spread throughout the hemisphere.

The islands and the eastern coasts of Central America and the northwestern part of South America that he and Amerigo Vespucci (hence the name America) skirted on separate expeditions during the following decade were disappointing—no teeming cities crowned with exotic architecture, no kings and queens dressed in flowing silk and laden with precious gems, no warehouses bulging with expensive spices. To a less energetic nation than Spain, the failure of expectations might have ended further activity. But emerging Spain saw opportunities in the wilderness. Some gold could be taken from the placer mines on the island of Hispaniola. Plantations worked by enslaved Indians could be developed on Cuba and Puerto Rico. Those Indians—all Indians—had a greater attraction than just as laborers, however. Alone of all European nations, Spain was committed to incorporating the native Americans into the empire as loyal, taxpaying subjects. Priests accompanied exploring expeditions. After the *\_entradas\_* were completed, missionaries settled among the tribes and began the civilizing process, as civilization was defined by the conquerors.

The Spaniards saw themselves as particularly fitted for carrying out this God-given program. Eight centuries of war against the Moors had brought a strong sense of unity to the peninsula's extraordinary mix of bloodlines—descendants of ancient Greeks, Romans, Carthaginians, and Celts as well as indigenous Iberians. Contests with Muslims and attacks on Jews through the Inquisition (Jews were also expelled from Spain in 1492) had spread a crusading religious fervor throughout the nation. Many a Spaniard felt in his bones what was in fact the truth: Spain was poised in the 16th century for a great leap forward that would, for a

time, make her the dominant power in Europe. Supreme confidence generated in many Spaniards a pride that unfriendly nations such as England regarded as arrogance.

One side effect of all this was the creation of a large class of professional soldiers who scorned all other callings. Success in battle brought them a living of sorts; victors, for example, could force Muslims to work patches of ground for them. A man could become an *\_hidalgo\_*, entitled to use the word *\_Don\_* in front of his name and pass it on, generation after generation, to his sons. The first-born of these families picked up the nation's plums. They were appointed to prestigious places in the army, the church, or the royal bureaucracy. For the rest there was little but their swords and a readiness for adventure.

The New World opened new opportunities for these younger sons and their followers. They could join small private armies that went, with the monarch's permission, into the Americas to spread the gospel among the "heathens" while simultaneously looting the defeated Indians' storehouses of treasure and taking their lands. Prime examples of this grasping for treasure are furnished by some of the *\_conquistadores\_* who hailed from the harsh, barren lands of the Extremadura region of Castile—names that still ring triumphantly throughout most of the New World: Hernán Cortés, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, the brothers Pizarro, and Hernando de Soto.

[Illustration: Christopher Columbus, whose 1492 voyage opened a new world to Europeans. Though many artists have attempted portraits of Columbus, none were from life. This portrait is a copy of a painting done in 1525.]

[Illustration: After the First Voyage, the Spanish monarchs granted to Columbus and his descendants this coat of arms. It signified his new place in the nobility. The gold castle and purple lion linked him to the sovereigns. The golden islands in the sea proclaimed his discoveries. The anchors were emblems of his rank as admiral.]

The crown gave little except permission and titles—*\_adelantado\_* ("he who leads the way") and governor—to men such as these. But if the risks were great, so too at times were the rewards. As already indicated, there might be riches to divide after the king had taken his 20 percent share. There were plantations to be founded and tended by Indians who gave their labor, however willingly, in exchange for being taught the ways of Christians. The size of each man's share in these gains depended partly on his initial investment in the expedition. Money wasn't all. The contribution could be—and this was a crucial point—energy, ability, intense patriotism, religious zeal, and often ruthlessness.

Each man took with him to the New World what he had. Apparently there were few full suits of armor, though Francisco Vázquez de Coronado did possess one that was handsomely gilded to look like the gold he was searching for.

Partial suits—coats of mail made of small, interlinked rings of metal or cuirasses of plate armor that protected the wearer's front and sides—were more numerous. Most cuirasses were made with a ridge running down the front and curved in such a way that a lance point striking the metal would, it was hoped, glance off without penetrating. It was hoped, too, that arrows would be similarly deflected. The chronicles tell, however, of Indian bows driving arrows entirely through plate armor and of cane arrows splintering on striking chain mail. The needle-sharp pieces then passed through the metal rings, inflicting puncture wounds that festered. Jackets made of quilted padding or even of tough bullhide were probably as effective against arrows as metal.

[Illustration: Priests accompanied most expeditions of discovery. Like their countrymen, most clergy were poorly equipped to understand and tolerate the new societies they encountered in America. One clergyman who rose far above his time and place was Bartolomé de las Casas, who spoke out against abuse of the Indians but met with great opposition from vested interests.]

Footmen, who constituted the greater part of every New World expedition, carried pikes or halberds, crossbows or arquebuses, and sometimes maces or battle axes. A crossbow, whose string was pulled tight by a crank, propelled iron darts with great force and accuracy from grooves in the weapon's stock. An arquebus was a primitive musket about 3 feet in length but lacked accuracy at distances greater than 75 yards or so. Indians, it turned out, could shoot several arrows in the time the handler of a crossbow or arquebus could fire once.

Cavalrymen, the elite of the force, were armed with lances, swords for slashing, and daggers. Long lances were generally couched against the rider's body, as in tournaments or charges against similarly equipped European adversaries. A lance driven through an Indian's body, however, would sometimes hang up and pull the rider from his saddle. Accordingly, shorter weapons held in an upraised hand were preferred in the New World. They could be hurled or held and directed at the enemy's face—an enemy on foot, for the native Americans did not yet have horses.

The conquistadores were as superb horsemen as the world has seen. Their animals were loved and pampered. During the early years in the Americas they were relatively rare and expensive (few survived the tempestuous sea journey from Europe to become breeding stock), and just the sight of them terrified Indians. The fearful impact of a cavalry charge, lances flying or thrusting, swords slashing, and wardogs



sometimes racing beside the horses, goes far to explain how small groups of Spaniards were able to triumph over great numerical odds. Pedro de Casteñada, one of the historians of the Coronado expedition, put it thus: "after God, we owed the victory to the horses."

Desperation also played a part. The adventurers often found themselves hundreds of miles from any possibility of help. Stamina in the face of hunger and hardship, courage and energy in opposition to attack and fear were the basic elements of salvation. Of necessity the men adopted whatever methods promised to carry them to their goals. Religious fanaticism was another motive. To Cortés's men, the Aztecs, who regularly offered human sacrifices to a heathen god, were an abomination and deserved to be annihilated, or at least enslaved, if they did not accept the Christian salvation held out to them. This attitude carried over, in somewhat lesser degree, to all Indians, even though Spain's rulers constantly exhorted gentleness, and missionaries went with every major group to offer heaven to souls lost in darkness. That is, if Indians had souls, which many Europeans of the time sincerely doubted.

Finally, every *\_conquistador\_* was stirred to action by his own credulity. The Church had brought him up to believe implicitly in miracles. A large part of his education consisted of peopling the unknown world with marvels and monsters. A favorite tale, though by no means the only one, dealt with seven Catholic bishops and their congregations who fled from the invading Moors to the island of Antilia. There they burned their ships and diligently built seven glorious cities, for naturally Christian settlements would be more dazzling than pagan ones. *\_Mas allá\_*: there is more beyond. A wondrous dream, Spanish-style. It carried, in succession, Pánfilo Narváez, Hernando de Soto, Francisco Vázquez de Coronado, and Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo into what became the United States. There reality at last took command.



## WOMAN IN THE STATES

Project Gutenberg's *From Dublin to Chicago*, by George A. Birmingham

There is a story told about Lord Beaconsfield which, if true, goes to show that he was not nearly so astute a man as is generally supposed. A lady, an ardent advocate of Woman Suffrage, once called on him and tried to convince him of the justice of her cause. She was a very pretty lady and she spoke with great enthusiasm. One imagines flashing eyes, heightened color, graceful gestures of the hands. Lord Beaconsfield listened to her and looked at her. When she had finished speaking he said: "You darling!" The lady, we are told, was angry, thinking that she

had been insulted. She was perfectly right. The remark, which might under other circumstances have been received with blushing satisfaction, was just then and there a piece of intolerable rudeness. It was stupid besides. But perhaps the great statesman meant to be rude. Perhaps, on the other hand, he was carried away for the moment and ceased to be intelligent. Perhaps the whole story was invented by some malicious person and is entirely without foundation. In any case it is a serious warning to the man who sits down to write about American women. It makes him hesitate, fearfully, before venturing to say the very first thing he must want to say. But he who writes takes his life in his hands. I should be little better than a poltroon if I shrank from uttering the truth.

I was asked by an able and influential editor in New York to write an article on American women. It is not every day that I am thus invited to write articles, so I take a pardonable pride in mentioning the request of this American editor. It was after dinner that he asked me, and a lady who was with us heard him do it. I looked at her before I answered. If she had scowled or even frowned I should not now be writing about American women. She encouraged me with a nod and a smile. Yet she knew—she must have known—what I should write first of all. Upon her head be at least part of the blame. She not merely smiled. She went on to persuade me to write the article. By persuading me she helped to make me quite certain that what I am writing is true.

The American woman is singularly charming.

Is this an insult? I think of the many American women whom I met who were kind enough to talk to me, and I know that this is not what they would like to have written about them. Some of them were very earnest knights errant, who rode about redressing human wrongs. It happens occasionally, not often, of course, but very occasionally, that women with causes are not charming. They are inclined to overemphasize their causes, to keep on hammering at a possible convert, to become just a little tiresome. This is, as far as I could judge, never the case with the American ladies who have causes. Others whom I met were learned and knew all about philosophies dim to me. Others again were highly cultured. I am an ignorant and stupid man. Very clever women sometimes frighten me. I was never frightened in America. Others again, without being learned or particularly cultured, were brilliant. They were all charming. That is the truth. I have written it, and if the skies come tumbling indignantly about my ears they just must tumble. "\_Impavidum ferient ruinæ\_" but I hope nothing so bad as that will happen to me.

There are people in the world who believe that we are born again and again, rising or sinking in the scale of living things at each successive incarnation according as we behave ourselves well or badly in our present state. If this creed were true, I should try very hard

indeed to be good, because I should want, next time I am born, to be an American woman. She seems to me to have a better kind of life than the woman of any other nation, or, indeed, than anybody else, man or woman. She is, as I hope I have suggested, more free than her European sister. "So full of burrs," said a great lady of old times, "is this work-a-day world, that our very petticoats will catch them." This is a true estimate of the position of the European woman. They who wear petticoats over here must walk warily with chaperons beside them. But in America there are either fewer burrs or petticoats are made of some better material. The American woman, even when she is quite young, can go freely enough and no scandalous suggestions attach to her unless she does something very outrageous. She has in other ways too a far better time than the English woman. American social life seems to me—the word is one to apologize for—gynocentric. It is arranged with a view to the convenience and delight of women. Men come in where and how they can. The late Mr. Price Collier observed this, and drew from it the deduction that the English man tends on the whole to be more efficient than the American, everything in an English home being sacrificed to his good. That may or may not be true; but I think the American woman is certainly more her own mistress than the Englishwoman, just because America does its best for women and only its second best for men.

I do not pretend to be superior to these advantages. I like a good time as well as any one. But I have other ambitions. And I do not want to be an American woman only for the sake of material gains. She seems to me to deserve her good luck because she has done her business in life exceedingly well, better on the whole than the American man has done his.

I am—I wish to make this clear at once—a good feminist. No man is less inclined than I am to endorse the words of the German Emperor and confine woman's activities to "Kirche, Küche und Kinder." I would, if I had my way, give every woman a vote. I would invite her to discuss the most intricate political problems, with a full confidence that she could not possibly make a worse muddle of them than our male politicians do. I should like to see her conducting great businesses, doctoring her neighbors, pleading for them in law courts, driving railway engines, and, if she wanted to, carrying a rifle or steering a submarine. I would place woman in every possible way on an equality with man and confine her with no restriction except those with which she voluntarily impedes her own activities, like petticoats, stays, and blouses which hook up the back. Having made this full confession of faith, I shall not, I hope, be reproached for appearing to recognize a distinction between woman's business in life, the thing which the American woman has done very well, and man's business, which the American man seems to me to have managed rather badly. Strictly speaking, in the ideal state all public affairs are women's just as much as men's. Strictly speaking, again in the ideal state, man is just as responsible as woman for the

arts of domestic life. But we are not yet living in the ideal state, and for a long while now the household has been recognized as woman's sphere, while man has resented her interference with anything outside the circle of social and family life.

It is in these matters which have been entrusted to her that the American woman has shown herself superior to the American man. I admit, of course, that the American man has done a great many things very brilliantly. But he does not seem to me to have succeeded in making the business of living, so far as it falls within his province, either comfortable or agreeable. The Englishman has done better. Examples of what I mean absolutely crowd upon me. Take the question of cooking food. The American man, left to his own devices, is not strikingly successful with food. The highest average of cooking in England is to be found in good men's clubs. You may, and often do, get excellent dinners in private houses in England; but you are surer of an excellent dinner in a first rate club. In America it is the other way about. Many men's clubs have skilful cooks, but you are on the whole more likely to get very good food in a woman's club or in a private house than in a man's club. I am not myself an expert in cooked food. The subject has never had a real fascination for me. But I have a sense of taste like my better educated gourmet brethren, and I am convinced that where the American woman has control of the cooking the business is better done than it generally is in England, and far better done than when it is left to American men.

The kindred subjects of drinks, again, marks the superiority of the American woman. For some reason quite obscure to me, women are not supposed to know anything about wine. They either do not like it at all or they like bad kinds of wine. Wine is man's business in all countries. In America wine is dear, and usually of indifferent quality. Man has mismanaged the cellar. On the other hand, women are supposed—again the reason is beyond me—to like eating sweets, to be specialists in that whole range of food which in America goes under the name of candies. Men have not created the demand for candies or secured the supply. They are woman's affair. The consequence is that American candies are better than any others in the world, better even than the French. It is necessary to search New York narrowly and patiently in order to find a good bottle of claret. I speak on this matter as an outsider, for I drink but little claret myself; but I am assured by highly skilled experts that the fact is as I state it. On the other hand—I know this by experience—you can satisfy your soul with an almost infinite variety of chocolates without going three hundred yards from the door of your hotel in New York or Philadelphia.

The one form of alcoholic drink in which America surpasses the rest of the world is the cocktail. I have never yet seen a properly written history of cocktails. The subject still waits its philosopher. But I am

inclined to think that the cocktail, the original of the species, Manhattan, Bronx or whatever it may have been, was invented by a woman. True, these drinks are now universally mixed by men. But the inspiration is unquestionably feminine. Formulæ for the making of cocktails exist. I was once asked to review a book which contained several hundred receipts for cocktails. But every one agrees that the formula is of minor importance. The cocktail depends for its excellence not on careful measurements, but on the incalculable and indescribable thing called personality. The most skilful pharmaceutical chemist, trained all his life to the accurate weighing of scruples and measurement of drams, might well fail as a maker of cocktails. He would fail if he did not possess an instinct for the art. Now this is characteristic of all women's work. Man reaches his conclusions by argument, bases his convictions on reason, and is generally wrong. Woman responds to emotion, follows instinct, and is very often right. Man is the drudging scientist, patient, dull. Woman is the dashing empiricist, inconsequential, brilliant. The cocktail must be hers. I shall continue, until strong evidence to the contrary is offered to me, to believe that the credit for this glory of American life belongs to her and not to man.

It would, no doubt, be insulting to say that part of the business of a woman, as distinguished from a man, is to dress well and be agreeable. I should not dream of saying such a thing. But there can be no harm in suggesting that it is the duty of both sexes to do these things. There is no real reason why an idealist, man or woman, should not be pleasant to look at, nor is it necessary that very estimable people should administer snubs to the rest of us. It seems to me that even very good people are better when they have nice manners and pleasanter when they dress well. It is not, I admit, their fault when they are not good looking, but it is their fault if they do not, by means of clothes, make themselves as good looking as they can. There is no excuse for the man or woman who emphasizes a natural ugliness. Man, I regret to say, does not often recognize his duty in these matters. Woman, generally speaking, has done her best. The American woman has made the very most of her opportunities and has succeeded both in looking nice and in being an agreeable companion. In the art of putting on her clothes she has no superior except the Parisienne, and even in Paris itself it is often difficult to tell, without hearing her speak, whether the lady at the next table in a restaurant is French or American. I knew an English mother who sent her daughter to Paris for six months in order that the girl might learn to dress herself. The journey to America would have been longer, but once there the girl would have had just as good a chance of acquiring the art. I am very unskilful in describing clothes, and the finer nuances of costume are far beyond the power of any language at my command to express. But it is possible to appreciate effects without being able to analyze the way in which they are produced. The effect on the emotions of a symphony rendered by a good

orchestra is almost as great for the man who does not know exactly what the trombones are doing as it is for the musician who understands that they are adding to the general noise by playing chromatic scales, or whatever it is that trombones do play. It is the same with clothes. I cannot name materials, or discuss styles in technical language, but I am pleasantly conscious that the American woman has the air of being very well dressed.

I am not attempting to make a comparison between the clothes of very wealthy women of the leisured classes in America and those of women similarly placed in other countries. Aristocracies and plutocracies are cosmopolitan. National characteristics are to a considerable extent smoothed off them. The women of these classes dress almost equally well everywhere. The possibility of comparison exists only when one considers the comparatively poor women of the middle and lower middle classes. It is these who, in America, have the instinct for dressing well unusually highly developed. Some women have this instinct. Others have not. It seems to be distributed geographically. There are cities—no bribe would induce me to name one of them—where the women are usually badly dressed. You walk up and down the chief thoroughfares. You enter the most fashionable restaurants and are oppressed by a sense of prevailing dowdiness. It is not a question of money. The gowns which you see, the coats, the hats have obviously cost great sums. For half the expenditure women in other places look well dressed. It is not a matter of the skill of dressmakers and milliners. A woman who has not got the instinct for clothes might go to—I forget the man's name, but he is the chief costumier in Paris—might give him a free hand to do his best for her, and afterwards she would not look a bit better dressed. It is not, I believe, possible to explain exactly what she lacks. It is an extra sense, as incommunicable as an ear for music. A woman either has it or has not. The American woman has it.

I know—no one knows better than I do—that it is a contemptible thing to take any notice of clothes. The soul is what matters. The body may be in rags. The mind is what counts, and fine feathers do not make fine birds. A great prophet would not be the less a great prophet though his finger nails were black. I hope we should all adore him just the same even if he never washed his face or wore a collar. But just at first, before we got to know him really well, it is possible that we might be a little prejudiced against him if he looked as if he never washed. That is all I wish or mean to say about the American woman's power of dressing herself. It disarms prejudice. The stranger starts fair, so to speak, when he is introduced to her. In the case of women who cannot, or for any reason will not, dress themselves nicely, there are preliminary difficulties in the way of appreciating their real worth.

But the best clothes in the world are no help when it comes to conversation, unless, indeed, one is able to discuss them in detail, and

I am not. I have met exquisitely dressed women who were very difficult to talk to. The American woman is not one of these. Besides being well dressed, she is a delightful talker on all subjects. She may or may not be profound. I am not profound myself, so I have no way of judging about that. But profoundness is not wanted in conversation. Its proper place is in scientific books. In conversation it is merely a nuisance, and the American woman, when she is profound, has more sense than to show it. She talks well because she is not in the least shy or self-conscious. Even young American girls are not shy. Brought into sudden contact with a middle-aged man, they treat him as an equal, with a frank sense of comradeship. They have, apparently, no awe of advanced or advancing years. They do not pretend to think that elderly people are in any way their superiors, or display in the presence of the aged that kind of chilling aloofness which is called respect. I detest people who behave as if they respected me because I am older than they are. I recognize at once that they are hypocrites. Boys and girls must know, in their hearts, just as well as we do, that respect is due to the young from the elderly and not the other way about. The ancient Romans understood this: "\_Maxima debetur reverentia pueris\_" is in the Latin grammar, and the Latin grammar is a good authority on all subjects connected with ancient Roman civilization.

It is her power of making herself agreeable which is the greatest charm of the American woman, a greater charm than her ability in dressing. I am a man very little practiced in the art of conversation. A dinner party—a party of any kind, but particularly a dinner party—is a thing from which I shrink. I am always very sorry for the two women who are placed beside me. I know that they will have to make great exertions to keep up a conversation with me. I watch them suffering and am myself a prey to excruciating pangs of self-reproach. But my agony is less in America than elsewhere. The American woman must of course suffer as much as the Englishwoman when I take her in to dinner; but she possesses in an extraordinary degree the art of not showing it. She frequently deceives me for several minutes at a time, making me think that she is actually enjoying herself. She is able to do this because she has an amazing vitality and a very acute kind of intelligence. Now, the highest compliment which a woman can pay to a man is to enjoy his company. The American woman understands this and succeeds in pretending she is doing it. She is wise, too. Recognizing that even her powers have their limits, and that no woman, however vital and intelligent, can go on disguising her weariness for very long, she makes her dinners and luncheons as short as possible, shorter than similar functions are in England. She does not attempt anything in the way of a long-distance contest with the heavy stupidity of the ordinary man. Her's is the triumph of the sprinter. For a short time she flashes, sympathizes, subtly flatters, talks with amazing brilliance, charms. Then she escapes. What happens to her next I can only guess, but I imagine that she must be very much exhausted.



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